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Events of the Week.

THE week has been full of dramatic political events, some revealed, others half-revealed. The most startling of them all has been Mr. Lloyd George's story of the work of the Munitions Department. This was in the style of the pean; the general review of the war, as pursued by the two Ministries of which Mr. George has been a member, was the vein of the jeremiad. We quote the concluding passage, which is bound to have resounding echoes in each department which may suppose itself to be damnnified by it:—

"I wonder whether it will not be too late! Ah, fatal words on this occasion! Too late in moving here, too late in arriving there, too late in coming to this decision, too late in starting with enterprises, too late in preparing! In this war the footsteps of the Allied Forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of 'too late,' and, unless we quicken our movements, damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed."

Mr. George's crucial instance of tardiness was that in the month of May, when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, our daily output in high explosives was 2,500, and in shrapnel 13,000. His most graphic illustration of the speeding-up accomplished by his own Department was that the whole of the enormous British expenditure of shells during the September battles was made up in a month, and that we should soon be in a position to replace it in a week.

MR. GEORGE'S statement contained a series of revelations which it would be folly to describe as

other than deeply disquieting. Heavy siege guns in use in the Army at the beginning of the war were now the lightest employed; but, although the supply of medium guns and howitzers was satisfactory, the orders for the heaviest guns were only now being placed. If this is discouraging, what must we say of Mr. Lloyd George's statement that the deficiency in machine guns and the importance of the question were only impressed upon him by the Prime Minister's visit to the front in June! The statement was made in the presence of Mr. Asquith, who made a slight correction as to the time of the visit. Otherwise we should have been driven to think that there was some serious error of fact. Certainly the mere possibility of such a deficiency being left to the chance visit of a civilian to discover ten months after the opening of the war arouses serious thoughts as to the competence of our officers, or of the high command. Indeed, it seems almost incredible that we have the whole of the story in our hands. Mr. Tennant's sharp repudiation of War Office slackness suggests that we have not.

ON Tuesday the Prime Minister asked for a million more men for the Army, making four millions in all. The speech was important, but showed that the Government have as yet arrived at no decision on crucial issues of policy. We must summarize the leading points. (1) The Prime Minister stated that 1,250,000 men were at the fighting fronts. It would seem, therefore, that the reserve proposed is 2½ millions, an enormous proportion. Surely, if the numbers of the armies are not to be greatly increased, a reserve of 100 per cent. would be adequate. (2) He described the response to the Derby campaign as a "splendid" effort of "patriotism and self-denial"; but hinted that in some districts single men had held back, repeated, "with emphasis," his earlier appeals to them, and renewed his pledge to the married men. (3) He offered, as a measure of our military policy, a fresh version of his familiar formula. The country should aim at "getting potentially every man of military age and capacity not disqualified by physical or domestic conditions," subject to the national "necessities" of the Navy, the making and carrying of munitions, and the maintenance of our subsistence, our social life, and our export trade. The Prime Minister did not suggest the proportions in which the Government proposed to minister to these necessities, or the surplus that this process would leave over for the Army. (4) He enumerated the changes in the commands, to which we refer below, declared that the Allies' War Council was united, and repeated the assurances against concluding a separate peace.

THE debate was highly significant. Mr. Redmond definitely warned the Government against the "insanity" of conscription, and with Mr. Dillon pledged Nationalist Ireland to resist it "by every means in its power," should no necessity for applying it be disclosed. A powerful body of Liberal and Labor members (Mr. Stanton dissenting) took the same line, the representatives of Lancashire plainly suggesting that the maintenance of our industries and exports was endangered by

the increases in the Army. But the sensation of the debate was the firm and brilliant speech of Mr. Runciman, who gave the Board of Trade's scientific analysis of industries that could or could not bear further drafts on them for service in the Army. Lord Lansdowne's Committee had reached similar or identical results, which have been ignored under the Derby process of almost indiscriminate attestation. Mr. Runciman stated very plainly his view that if we failed to maintain our export trade, we should damage the Allied cause as seriously as if we failed to put another million men into the field. An unhappy incident was Mr. Redmond's demand for the production of Sir Ian Hamilton's long-delayed report on the Suvla action, and Mr. Tennant's excuse that Sir Ian had taken time to "polish his periods." So Nero's fiddling is matched by Sir Ian's phrasing.

SUVLA BAY and Anzac Cove, around which cling the memories of a heroism unsurpassed in our story, have been evacuated. How Anzac Cove was ever occupied by the Australians and New Zealanders seems now almost unintelligible. These Colonial troops landed in the dark on the morning of April 25th. By mischance, the landing was higher up the cove than had been intended, at the foot of almost perpendicular sandstone cliffs. The short beach was entrenched, and a second trench lay concealed half-way up the broken cliff, well protected by thick scrub. The Australians loosed their packs, and under the Turks' fire, scaled the cliffs. Then these splendid fighters held on for hours against direct and enfilading fire, without a gun to support them on shore, while supplies and reinforcements were landed. The position was secure after the first few days, and even the crest of Sari Bair, the key to the Narrows, was momentarily gained in August; but it could not be maintained owing to the failure further north. The Suvla Bay landing in August will ever rank as one of the most tragic expeditions in British history.

THE evacuation was carried out without the knowledge of the Turks, and the total casualties were four wounded. This, as the Prime Minister said in the House, is itself a feat for which the officers engaged, both naval and military, deserve the highest praise. To disembark troops in the face of a brave and well-armed enemy, and from such difficult positions, was necessarily a costly undertaking. The positions were likely to become critical with the approach of stormy weather, and must have been valueless without heavy reinforcements. It was a wise policy therefore to abandon them. It seems probable that the toe of the peninsula is to be held. It is more easily defensible, as its flanks are on the sea, and are open to naval help, almost to any extent. The position here has been compared to another Gibraltar, at least in potentiality; and there is no doubt it has a great strategic and political value. The question is whether it can be commanded by heavy guns mounted on the Asiatic shore.

As to the end towards which the Gallipoli Expedition was directed, that must be left to other means to achieve. The expedition suffered incredible handicaps at its inception, as the enemy was carefully and even ostentatiously warned of our probable plans. If it could not survive misdirection in its continuance, it at least established the extraordinary bravery of our troops, and gave a hint to the enemy, which no doubt he has laid to heart in the projection of his northern coastline. Now that it has

definitely failed, and Lord Fisher's disregarded warnings as to the method of its inception have all come true, the case in favor of his restoration to our war councils is greatly increased, and cannot, in our view, be resisted.

THREE notable changes in the command and administration of the Allied Armies have taken place during the week. Sir William Robertson has succeeded Sir Archibald Murray as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The new Chief of the Staff has for the greater part of the year been Chief of the Staff of the Expeditionary Force in France. He has risen from the ranks, and he commands, and has earned, the confidence of the Army for his handling of its transport. He has been Commandant of the Staff College, and was on the Imperial General Staff under Sir John French before the outbreak of the war. He is a brilliant organizer, a keen and tireless worker, and a cool and experienced strategist. A "ranker" of such quality would have been welcomed by the whole country to the chief command. Sir Archibald Murray seems to have preceded Sir William Robertson in most of the positions held by that officer since 1907, and he relinquished to him the duties of Chief of Staff of the Expeditionary Force owing to ill-health. He became chief of the Imperial Central Staff in October, and, according to the statement of the Prime Minister, is destined for an important command. General Ruzsky, who has been relieved of his command of the northern Russian armies, is one of the most brilliant soldiers in Europe. He was the chief agent in the first Galician campaign. It was he who sprang the trap near Lodz which cut off a Russian division, and would have enveloped Mackensen's whole force but for the delay of Rennenkampf. Since Ruzsky took the command of the northern group of armies, Hindenburg has been able to make no progress, and, indeed, has been compelled to fall back over a considerable area.

THERE is apparently authentic news that a Russian landing has been effected at Varna, on the Black Sea. According to the special correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" Varna was heavily bombarded and the town laid in ruins. When resistance was at an end the transports disembarked infantry and artillery in sufficient force to hold the town against counter-attacks. It is hardly possible to believe that at this point the Russians should have sent an insufficient force into Bulgaria. They have had the benefit of the experience of the Franco-British Allies, and they must know that such a proceeding would be worse than useless. But if the Russians send a really adequate expedition, the whole face of the Balkan situation changes at once.

THE Persian situation has been cleared by the decisive action of Russia. The revolted gendarmerie and Persian Irregulars had been collected by Turkish and German intrigue at Hamadan, on the great Baghdad-Teheran highway, and Kum, the centre through which Teheran must communicate with the south. The Russians some ten days ago were announced on the Kasvin road and they quickly took Ave, forced their way past Sultan Bulak, and, at the end of last week, occupied Hamadan. The force opposed to the Russian troops seems to have amounted to about 11,000 men, comprising irregulars and gendarmerie; but the enemy made little resistance at Hamadan, after what appears to have been a decisive reverse at Sultan Bulak. The Russians are sweeping the country about Hamadan, and they have now occupied Kum. This energetic action by Russia cannot fail to have its effect upon the south and south-east of Persia, where the rebels still hold out, and have committed acts

of violence against Allied persons and property. The British colony at Shiraz is still held captive in the hills; but, after a long captivity, the British residents at Sultanabad, mid-way between Hamadan and Kum, have arrived at Hamadan.

THE Allied position in Greece has not changed. Their advanced line still looks to the frontier from Karasuli and Kilindir, waiting for whatever may happen. General Sarraïl has expressed his confidence of being able to deal with the enemy when it shall please him to enter Greece. No enemy troops have yet set foot in Greece, though Allied reinforcements continue to arrive daily. Numerous guns and ammunition are being landed, and the Salonika defences are being carried to completion. The pause in the operations can hardly be attributed to the diplomatic situation. Germany must have foreseen all that has happened and have provided, as far as possible, for this very contingency. But she cannot manufacture troops, nor can she at once reconstruct communications which have been carefully destroyed. The delay in taking action cannot be to a soldier's liking, and the general now in command must be impatient to clear the Allies off his flank. Lack of troops seems to be the only solution of the situation, and it is not impossible that the rumors of German offensives against both the East and the West, and the readjustment of forces which is taking place on the West are designed to cover the withdrawal of sufficient troops to undertake action against Salonika. In spite of the picturesque exaggeration of the Bulgars, the British losses in Serbia have been extremely small. Up to December 11th they amounted to 32 officers and 1,246 men, of whom one officer and 85 men were killed.

THE Greek elections have taken place, with the result which was foreseen. The bulk of the electors are with the army, and, with the Venezelists abstaining, there have been few voters, little excitement, and no opposition. M. Gounaris, the Government candidate, remains in power with a good majority. The election is absolutely useless as any indication of the feeling in Greece. There are rumors of German pressure; but it is not clear what is the end of such action. It has been suggested that Germany has objected to the Greeks permitting the Allies to fortify Salonika, and that the Greeks have replied that they have no power to prevent it. All this rings untruly. The whole episode must long ago have been visualized, as Germany can never have expected Greece to attempt to turn the Allies out, with the visible symbols of a supreme sea-power before her eyes. All is probably by-play to cover the German impotence to follow up the Allied retreat. The agreement between the Allies and Greece seems to be all that we could legitimately desire. According to the "Echo de Paris" it gives the belligerents a clear field if the "enemies" of the Allies should cross the Greek frontier.

MEANWHILE, the ambiguous term "enemies" has received a certain gloss from the Greek-Bulgar outbreak in Epirus. An advanced guard of Bulgars marching into Albania penetrated Greek territory, and was at once attacked by Greek outposts. The affair is of no importance except as an indication of the inflammable state of Greek feeling with regard to the Bulgars. It seems reasonable to rule out the Bulgars from the list of enemies who will be permitted to cross the frontier. And the Turks, who have recently been suggested as substitutes, would hardly be more welcome to the Greeks. The Bulgars are now in possession of Monastir, and,

except for some German officers by whom they are commanded, the town is held by them alone.

THE Austrian reply to the American Note on the sinking of the "Ancona" has met with a speedy rejoinder. The Austrians contented themselves with indignation, and in view of this the American rejoinder practically repeats the terms of the first Note. Its strength lies in the admission of the Austrian Admiralty that the "Ancona" was torpedoed while passengers remained on board, and, basing itself upon this admission, the American Government calls, in effect, for a disavowal of that policy. Dr. Wilson revised the terms of the new Note before leaving for his wedding. The Note contains no time limit, and, though not an ultimatum in letter, is so in fact.

THERE is evident anxiety on the part of Germany with regard to such a contingency. The former heads of the Hamburg-Amerika Company's secret service, Paul König and Richard Leyendecker, have been arrested on a charge of conspiring to blow up the Welland Canal, which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. They were released on heavy bail; but Berlin shows anxiety as to the cumulative effect of her campaign of intrigue, treachery, and violence by disavowing connection with the German organizations which carried it out. Count Bernstorff seems to be exerting his power to save some shred of Austro-German repute in the States. But Captain von Papen sails on December 21st and Captain Boy-Ed on December 28th, and Count Bernstorff's own tenure is not too sure.

THE question of the Danish agreement was raised in the House of Lords on Monday by Lord Sydenham; but his speech had no element of value. Lord Emmott showed from statistics that the import by Denmark of commodities which it is necessary for us to keep out of Germany is far less than normal; while German trade with neutrals in mere luxuries tends to depreciate her exchange, and is to that extent no help to her. The angry German protests against the agreement show that it is clearly to our advantage; and incidentally reveal the levity of these debates on it. Lord Milner contributed the pleasant suggestion that the man in the street thought the Government which negotiated such agreements must be under "some occult German influence." What German influence? Is this an echo of the shameful attacks on Mrs. Asquith? Under what German influence is the Government supposed to be suffering? It is, we suppose, a body of British citizens born and bred. Lord Milner's parentage, on the other hand, is German, and his character and temperament are very markedly so. Is he, therefore, a suspect Englishman? Really for an aggressive flavor there is nothing like that plant of English patriotism which springs from Teutonic soil.

GENERAL DE WET and 118 prisoners who had been convicted of high treason were released on Monday morning. They have apparently paid a fine, promised to abstain from politics, not to attend any public meeting, and not to leave the neighborhood of their residences without permission until the end of their sentences. General Botha has shown his usual prudent moderation in handling the always thorny problem of Dutch South Africa. How fortunate that the country has at its disposal a hand at once so firm and so delicate!

Politics and Affairs.

THE WANT OF VISION.

READERS of Mr. Lloyd George's speech on munitions cannot fail either to be impressed with its true moral or to be deeply concerned lest he and his colleagues should miss it. Let us put this moral in its simplest terms. The object of the nation and its Allies is not only to win this war, but to win it as soon as possible. It desires this speedy end, for the sake of itself, of its friends, and of humanity. No one can defend the initiation and prosecution of this war who does not believe that the cause of civilization is at stake in some such fashion as when its Roman defenders met and routed Attila on the plain of Chalons. If no such cause is at stake, then the war is meaningless murder, and should stop to-morrow. But great defensive efforts may fail, even when the best hopes of the world seem to be bound up with them. The Roman effort so failed from sheer exhaustion, and modern society is a more fragile plant than the great legal and administrative system on which it is founded. Save in the final victory of ideas, the Allies will not succeed merely because they represent, so far as the Western States are concerned, a finer scheme of State life than Germany's. On the contrary, Germany's deification of war, like Attila's, has produced in her the more vivid and concentrated effort to maintain it, at the cost of every other activity of her Empire. Her fight indeed is the worst fight of all, a fight against Time. But it is also an attempt to conquer Time by unrelenting vigor and rapidity in action. The counter-thrust of the Allies has from the first labored under three disadvantages, want of unity in council, want of preparation in material, want of clearness in vision. The last defect was peculiarly our own. Have we remedied it?

Now defects of method are, in our politics, specially due to faults of policy. We will not see a problem whole, and frame our action accordingly. In the Government, for example, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman seem the only Ministers who ever attempt to state our contribution to the war in terms of its triple responsibility, the supply of men, money, and munitions, and to be working definitely towards the necessary equation of these needs. For one brief moment on Monday it seemed as if Mr. Lloyd George had achieved this feat of realization. But has he? As Minister of Munitions Mr. George is for taking more British workmen into the munition factories, and makes an eloquent appeal for nearly 300,000 of them. But as a convinced conscriptionist, Mr. George is equally anxious to swell the new levies, while the Prime Minister has this week taken powers thus to divert a fresh million. From which tap is the draft to be made? Mr. George defines the war as a development of the great industrial process of replacing men by machinery, so that it would seem that his claim for munition workers is, on the face of it, the more urgent. But there is still another claimant for these British souls and bodies. Mr. McKenna wants some of them at least to maintain the solvency

of the nation by the manufacture of its necessary exports. He knows that the fresh addition to the Army involves a new subtraction of at least a hundred millions from our productive capacity, accompanied by an addition to our expenditure of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions. These million ex-worker soldiers will not be available for another six months or more. What will then be the aspect of our industries and finance? Shall we, under those altered conditions, and under the growing strain of widely sundered expeditions in Eastern Europe and Asia, be able (a) to man and maintain our merchant shipping and thus to feed our population; (b) to sustain our munition factories; (c) to pay our foreign debts and keep up our export trade; (d) to finance our Allies; and (e) to adhere to a gold standard?

These questions must necessarily be put by any British Chancellor of the Exchequer with a conscience, but the answer to them can be given only when the Government have determined on a policy and adhere to it. At present one half of Mr. Lloyd George demands a colossal Army and the other half calls for a tremendous addition to the output of the munition factories. The unitary Mr. Lloyd George cannot have both. No more can the Prime Minister create a fresh million of soldiers, and contemplate next May or June a full Treasury and a sufficient export trade. He, too, will have to choose his path, as he does not seem to us to have chosen it in his speech on Monday, and to inform the country definitely how many men he wants, and how he proposes to divide them between the fighting and the working services. Such a decision is not new to our history. It was taken by Pitt; nor did any representative of British statesmanship ever conclude that the nation could be simultaneously kept at the highest possible stretch on the three planes of military, naval, and financial expenditure. We have said that Time was a great asset of the Allies. But this policy of triple expansion annuls the effect of Time. It will not permit us to show to Germany the mass of untapped resources which next year should convince her that the game is up. At present we are neither fighting nor making the best preparation for fighting on should the winter leave the military issue still in doubt. This is not to attrite, save for the action of the Navy; it is to be attrited.

We come therefore to the prime difficulty inherent in the composition of the Government. In fact it has never been one Government, and has always been two. Mr. Lloyd George has no mercy on the Administration which preceded it, and in which he was at least as conspicuous a figure as in its successor. But that Administration possessed one useful quality. It had a single centre of power, residing in the Prime Minister, and gathering force from party loyalty. The Coalition owns no such source of energy. It seems to arrive at decisions, when it does arrive at them, not on merits, but as means of reconciling two always jarring elements in its councils. For the moment the danger is that it will decide for some emasculated, indefensible, inequitable form of conscription, not because the Prime Minister believes in it, for he has never ceased to proclaim himself a voluntarist,

but because otherwise he cannot keep together the loose bundle of faggots we call a Cabinet. To this essentially unreal situation all the salient facts of the situation must be made to fit—the success of the Derby appeal, the danger of division in the country and in Parliament when conscription is announced at the moment when it is most clear that the voluntary system can see us through the war, the industrial unrest, the strain of the financial problem.

This is an intolerable position. We believe that the Prime Minister could win through if he put his foot down and kept policy fixed to the lines he believes to be the right and true ones. Here is firm ground; there is no other. The danger of the hour is that the Government's decisions are not so much military as political, and political merely in the sense of compromises between opposing sections in the Cabinet and in Parliament. This is the secret of the "pledge" to married recruits, and its ensuing catchword, "Single men first." The pledge was made subject to conditions which ought to have protected Mr. Asquith from Lord Derby's continual encroachment on it. It is now to be used as a means of forcing on conscription, whether we want it or no, whether we ought to have it or no, whether the Derby appeal is a success or no. Conscription is to come under the very shadow of an appeal to the voluntary spirit which has given us some two million and a-half men to choose from. This is the extremity of faction, which works not so much to win the war as to distract the nation. Mr. Asquith can stop this movement, and only he. If he declines, and conscription is still pressed upon him, the Government may retain a superficial cohesion by shedding some of its best members. But it will eventually be broken, and a new and not less distracted combination may take its place. The unity the Executive lacks will then be transferred to a real Parliamentary Opposition. Such an Opposition will be a minority in the House of Commons. But it will command the best men in three out of its four parties, it will be united in principle, and it will stand for those liberties of thought and action which are the stakes in this war.

THE EMPIRE OF FRIGHTFULNESS.

THE origin of the war has for the moment passed beyond the region of controversy. There are those who think that the Germanic Powers, filled with a fear of "encirclement" (as the German Chancellor declares) hit out blindly for the right to live. There are those who think that the plot was planned, the moment chosen, when England was paralyzed by the sedition of Ulster—the full story of which in its relation to German plans has yet to be told—when the Caillaux complication existed in France, and that Germany, conscious of her power, plunged into war for the hegemony of Europe. There is every kind of theory varying between these two extremes; allotting arrogance, panic, bluff, or the government of a military aristocracy in due proportion. But all these the chariot of time has swept into the regions of

history, where hundreds of years hence speech will be weighed against speech and document against document. And as the origin of the war has vanished from controversy so the action of the war has vanished also. That France and Russia were quite unprepared to face the German machine, that England was weak on land though supreme at sea, that the war deliberately took the character of "frightfulness" designed not so much (as in some previous wars) for vengeance, as to break the spirit of peoples and frighten all neutrals from coming in, that Germany had long been in alliance with Turkey and looked to vast unoccupied spaces in Asia for a place in the sun—these also have passed from controversy to history.

In one aspect this is the greatest war Europe has ever seen; in another, it is a very little thing. In the long secular history of Europe it may appear but as a few years when men went mad and then became sane again. Already the process of seed and harvest has obliterated all traces of everything connected with some of the most desperate battles of the world; the crocus will bloom in spring, the young generation will rise to supplant with newer ideals—please God, with happier, more stable dreams—the generation which has gone down into the darkness. In five years' time "new truths" will be revisiting the scene of the death of "ancient error" and finding—in half-burst shells, a rifle in a ditch, an exploded bomb, a skeleton worn white and far too "naked to be shamed"—evidence of the courage and madness of men.

Only one thing remains—the nature of that new world into which time is hurrying our children, as it is hurrying us out of it. And the best minds of Europe should be devoted—not only to propagating the spirit of peace and compassion and all that is associated with Christmas Day—but also with what geographical division can make peace possible and let the "little nations" sleep quietly in their beds. Now, if there be anything true in this world, it is that Germany has changed her ideals, in part through failures, in part through victory, and that the new plan which is preached by all the Germanic-influenced Powers—from Berlin to Constantinople—will make the world infinitely less a place worth living in than the old. At first, with the sense of triumph like the unsheathing of a great sword, her plan was to fall on Russia and France, drive the former back into her northern forests from which she could never emerge for a century, and break the spirit of the latter. The plan failed for two reasons: the French, after nearly fulfilling the German prophecy as to the weakness of a Latin Democracy, suddenly exhibited the power of cold, heroic fury—animated by the knowledge that they were fighting "the last fight of all," and hurled the Germans back into entrenchments from which they have never again emerged. And the Russians, entirely careless—as a hundred years ago—that they were making their most prosperous provinces a desert, retired with the line bending always, but never breaking, with the advancing Germans embogged in a sea of mud and wreckage and burnt villages and towns. The "lunge" to the east and west had failed.

And now the ideal of the nine or ten men who control the feeble, voiceless millions of Germany is very evident. If they cannot build up a great empire from East to West, they will build it from North to South. They will straggle over Europe and half Asia irresistible, unconquerable, with an empire so deliberately built on "frightfulness" that among all the lesser nations "terror will be the order of the day." Commercial and military unity on a gigantic scale will replace the little tiny pieces of disputed territories over which Europe has hitherto quarrelled. Their terms (allowing for the haggling of the market) may be nearly the same as those which some of our own peace lovers (not realizing their ultimate meaning) are prepared to offer. They may, perhaps, give back Belgium an autonomy (with economic and political guarantees) to secure peace with England. They may even contrive a method by which all the belligerents will contribute (even neutrals such as America) to the rebuilding of that "martyr nation." They will evacuate the trampled territories of France. They may even toss to her, as a piece of meat to a dog, some fragment of France—Lorraine or Alsace. They will be careless as to their own colonies (which never paid them), and of acquiring ours, if our Fleet remains triumphant, for five years or fifteen. What we shall see is a Germanic State, ruled from Berlin to Baghdad, with its place in the sun, its Zollverein, and its power of obtaining further possessions, not by conquest but merely by the stamp of the mailed boot. All the newspapers, including even the Austrian Socialist organizations, such as the "Arbeiter," are preaching, as if by the sudden turning of the tap of oratory, that the day of the small nations has gone by, and that all of these must come into the German military or commercial hegemony. There will be plenty of self-government, as at present. Austria and Hungary will have all the internal rights of persecuting the Slav beneath them which they now possess. Bulgaria will be but another Bavaria, with a king, an orthodox religion, schools in its own tongue, Ministers for town-planning on the model of Dusseldorf, or for the development of a branch of Krupps, as at Essen. Turkey will be but a protectorate, with unlimited mosques and dervishes, and only German officers controlling the army, and German engineers the irrigation of the deserts. The Turks will be sleeping as they love in the sunlight, or enrolled in the armies, and perhaps German skilled immigrants who grunt and sweat under a weary life in the great German cities, will replace the million Armenians who have been exterminated since last April. One can imagine a successful, efficient State, "Kultur" carried to the East and triumphant, while all of Europe which is not included in this huge empire, is silent, or broken, or going very softly all its days.

For it is an Empire built deliberately on frightfulness, living on the reputation of its past frightfulness, in historic words, the negation of God turned into a system of Government. We can already see the beginning of it: Holland lying awake in terror, and prosecuting Englishmen and Dutchmen who have said anything to injure her strict neutrality; Denmark—90 per cent. pro-Ally—afraid to move or issue pro-Ally

literature lest she be destroyed; Bulgaria coming into the war deliberately against the wishes of the people, because with the Austro-Germanic Armies hammering almost at the gates, as Ferdinand naïvely remarked, he must throw in his lot with the winning side; Greece paralyzed like a scared rabbit. And it will be an Empire defended by "frightfulness," in which the touching of a button in Berlin will let loose irresistible hordes of trained Turks, Hungarians, and Prussians on any little nation which desires to think, or claims a right to have a voice in its own affairs. Rotterdam, and perhaps Antwerp, will go the way of Brussels and Lille. France with this final effort for self-preservation failing, will be broken in spirit; and a France broken in spirit is a France destroyed. England may carry on for a time with an enormous debt, with a hundred million Navy Estimate and a hundred million Army; but all the best of her, under such circumstances, will pass to lands beyond the sea. And as to all others—Italy, Sweden, Roumania, Denmark—it will only be necessary to set up sign marks at the frontiers, "Remember Belgium, 1914," to bring them humbly to their knees.

Such is the vision of spiritual death for Europe which nothing can break but the resolution of the Allies. It can be broken on the Danube. It can be broken by the freeing of the Italians and Slavs of Austro-Hungary. It can be broken by the defeat of Prussia and the surrender of her stolen territories. It can be broken by the revival of the Balkan Principalities and the tearing up of Turkey-in-Asia as Turkey-in-Europe has been torn up. And if this consummation, or the essence of it, is attained, we can at least remove the "Triumph of Frightfulness" from our children's story books, and show them that God indeed and not the Devil rules the world.

THE NEED OF DECISIVE ACTION.

A LULL, almost an armistice, seems to have descended upon the war, with our virtual withdrawal from the attempt on Gallipoli as its crowning feature. Neither side has yet achieved a decision; neither side admits defeat. Yet there has happened a thing which seems unintelligible to a military student, a clear and definite pause in a world-wide war. It is not that each side is reeling, exhausted by a recent and terrific struggle. Whatever one may think of the enemy, the Allied force is increasing day by day; and it can hardly be denied that the opposite is the case with the enemy. He is, as it were, a closed system. The sum total of his force cannot be augmented, though it may be, and by exercise is, dissipated. In general this position must be admitted, however much one may dispute as to the ratio of the increase of the Allied Armies and the decrease of their enemies. What then can be the meaning of a pause at this point? We have been fighting sixteen months. We have entered upon a second winter. The resources of neither side are indefinite; and, though the rate of decrease on the part of the enemy outbalances that of the Allies, their critical point cannot be very far off. Why then this pause?

Military writers of the past give a certain atmosphere to the wars they visualize. They speak of boldness, energy, lightning blows, no breathing space for the enemy, and so on. The war at this moment presents a picture of quite another mode of war, a mode, indeed, which military writers would not recognize as war at all. They might realize the position of the enemy. They would probably agree that his conduct of the war had been marked by all the military qualities. They would realize that at the moment, after such labors and such losses, with a greatly depleted man-power and no fresh sources of immediate supply, he could hardly be expected to do other than wait for the last reinforcements to take the field, in order to hazard another attempt upon the Allied position. It would be well for us if this picture completely represented the case of the enemy. But it is inadequate with regard to one essential. Every military student is agreed as to the advantage of the possession of the initiative; yet, with a force vastly superior in every way, we are allowing the enemy all the advantages of the initiative which no element of his force, except his will, deserves. With every power to force him to conform to our movements, we seem to be patiently waiting until he shall declare where he wishes us to conform to his.

Now all this is as wrong as it can be. The enemy is playing his hand in a perfectly orthodox way. He has achieved almost incredible things. Certainly, if we had had a general of genius the war would have been over long ago. He would have struck with an unerring instinct with all his force at his selected point on the Western front. The reasons which prevent the Allies acting in this way at present are difficult to discover. It is, of course, clear that any action against the fortified lines will be costly. But the only reason for deferring action is the assumption that they will be less costly later on. Such a contention will hardly bear the most cursory examination. The Germans, by armored casemates, *fortins*, mole-like causeways, and extraordinary fortifications, have produced lines which, to a great extent, economize man-power. But can it be thought that these will fall of themselves or grow weaker? These are not the walls of Jericho, to fall at the trumpet blast. They will fall to bombardment and concerted attack, and to that alone. If the Germans have now constructed siege positions which will economize so many men, will they not, if they are allowed, strengthen them to economize double the number? There is no depreciation in the strength of a steel turret in six months, and where there is one now there may be two or three to-morrow. Some of the lessons of the war are obvious and incontestable. One is the absolute superiority of the attack over the defence. With a proper concentration and use of artillery the strongest lines can be beaten to dust. It is one of the outstanding points of Sir John French's *régime* that this fact was discovered. At Neuve Chapelle men were able to form up in the broken line as undisturbed as on parade; and the same thing happened at Loos. It must be realized that the decrease which the enemy force suffers is with regard to *men* and not with regard to machines. Almost at the beginning, their superiority in machines made itself manifest, and, as Mr. Lloyd

George pointed out on Monday, it is simply and solely machines which give the present strength to their lines. Does any soldier fear the enemy's men? The soldiers of the Allies all have the conviction that, man for man, they are superior to the enemy. It is not a negligible factor. But the burden of the point is this: While we wait, only the men, whom we have never feared, decrease. The vast machinery of the German defensive wall will probably grow stronger and more intricate. Where we need to spend one shell now, we may have to spend two or three to-morrow. Where we stand to lose one man now, we may have to lose two or three even to the smaller German numbers then.

The lessons of the past Allied attacks are fairly plain. It is probable that the Champagne advance could not be pressed to its legitimate issue because the preliminary bombardment had been a little too elaborate. Almost for six weeks the whole line in France resounded to the terrible thunder of guns. It was quite a good policy to pursue; but it must have run away with shell which may have been badly needed after the first advance had been carried. Joffre and Castlenau are not the men to ignore the obvious inference; and we may trust the new British commander to neglect no opportunity which presents itself. But all three are at the mercy of men who are not soldiers, who are liable to be swayed by emotion, who will not trust the soldiers to do as they think. For our own part, we believe that there are other subjects quite sufficient to engross the attention of the legal theorists upon whom the decision as to the conduct of the campaign unfortunately depends. Our present acquiescence in the disposition of the enemy would be suitable enough if our financial state would allow us to continue the war indefinitely, and if we had no point at which the enemy could deal us a critical blow. It is quite obvious that no State can or could continue a war of such dimensions for long, and it is equally clear that, given the time and complete freedom of hand, Germany may be able to cause serious trouble in Egypt or the East. The fate of all future German blows depends upon how we comport ourselves on the Western front. An army is destined for action. The necessity for concentration is a necessity related to decisive action.

Germany cannot win, and we cannot lose. But we can drift to the position in which an army unbeaten, except by sea power, will be able to negotiate an interim peace, preparatory to a war in the future with an overwhelming naval force. The only alternative would be the intolerable armament competition over again. We defeated Germany in the *Bewegungskrieg*, the war of movements. We can defeat her in the *Stellungskrieg*, the war of positions, if we act boldly and decisively. The psychological, moral, and political importance of such a defeat is immeasurable; but we shall not secure it by waiting, nor even ensure it. It is imperative that the War Council should act with decision. It may quite safely leave theory and discussion to the General Staff. What we expect from it is simply to set the machine in motion in the manner which its advisers have recommended. We have had too much tendency. Let us have some episode.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE retirement from Suvla veiled the blow to the country by the magnificence of the feat, for dire were the forebodings of loss and heavy some of the military estimates of it. But it is a blow, and one of its incidental effects will be to strengthen the growing demand for Lord Fisher's return to the counsels where his was the warning and, alas, the ineffectual voice. I see it suggested that no such return is necessary, since Lord Fisher is head of the Inventions Board, and thus retains the advising power to which, if the country had its will, it would beyond all doubt restore him to-morrow. That is far away from the truth; Lord Fisher has no such power. He has no means of suggesting naval action or of advising on it—that is to say, his special genius is quite unemployed. The later course of naval administration is ample evidence of that fact, though at no period of the war was the intervention of the man who made the existing Navy more appropriate or indeed indispensable. Does anyone pretend that the naval conduct of the war is not gravely imperilled by his absence? But at least let it not be said that Lord Fisher remains in some ghostly form at his post when he is not there, either in the flesh or the spirit.

THE Prime Minister's statement on the Derby scheme is withheld; but Lord Derby's success in bulk is, I am told, beyond even the forecasts. The total "haul" is about two millions and a half. This is gigantic, a sympathetic statesmanship would call it magnificent; but (need I say?) it does not stay the hot-foot conscriptionists. They are out to prove conscription against the success of the Derby scheme no less than against its failure. With these devotees it is no longer a question whether the voluntary system will give us all the men we want, and many thousands more. It must do so in a particular way (which they try ingeniously to bar) or not at all. So again the pace is to be forced before the analysis of the returns or the reports of the tribunals can come in, or an account given of the character of the abstentions. These, of course, include the thousands of "starred" men who have not attested, because they were told by the Government to do nothing of the kind. Is it credible that they may be reckoned *en bloc* as slackers? It is

It is hard to think that this kind of outrage on common sense can prevail. I imagine the deputation of the fifty or so "antis" (there would have been 200 if the numbers had not been cut down at the Prime Minister's request) came away very hopeful that it would not. But in future they have resolved to trust their own hands, and no other man's. They are organized, and will remain so. They have the whole Irish Party at their back, and the best of the Liberals and Laborists as active supporters. They are parties neither to the Asquith pledge nor to Lord Derby's stretching of it. And with far more sense of the danger of the industrial situation than our "leaders," they will make a strong effort to open the eyes of the House of Commons before

it is too late. If, therefore, the Government is broken from within, as it may well be, it will not be for lack of clear speaking and warning.

A BREAK of a serious character there must be if these tactics prevail. The Prime Minister must lose his moral authority; for it will be universally known that he has been driven into a course which his mind and sense of fitness reject. The industrial situation needs close watching and skilful handling. Conscription, coming on top of the futile and not too candid Munitions Amendment Bill, must worsen it. The Cabinet will be weakened by the loss of the strongest Liberal Ministers; the feebler will remain as mere hostages in the Conscriptionist Camp, to be politely returned to their own lines at the earliest convenient season. The only gain will be the formation of a Liberal-Radical-Labor-Nationalist Opposition of high character, and determined, though quite patriotic, temper. The Liberal press has shown weakness, led by that veteran hands-upper, the "Westminster Gazette," but there will not be weakness here. It will at least be something definite and firm in a wobbling world of government.

As an oratorical effort Mr. Lloyd George's two-hours' speech on his work at the Munitions Department began to be saved from failure at about the 110th minute—just in time, one might say, not to be "too late." Some of the earlier parts of the speech seemed to have come under the shears of an intrusive censor. How otherwise account for the curious anti-climax to the promised disclosures concerning our long-delayed strength in heavy guns? This was not only a promise; it was at the same time a vivacious and unsparing onslaught on those pedants who might be disposed to frown on the spirit of candor of which the sequel was to be a dramatic manifestation. Yet there was no such sequel—nothing more startling (after a further study of the hampering manuscript) than a mild suggestion, cast in the familiar mould, that it might be as well to stop at generalities. In his peroration, with the manuscript thrown aside, Mr. George was at the top of his form—I speak of the orator and the rhetorician rather than of the Minister. Some of his hearers he shocked (those mostly of his own party), others he gratified beyond every expectation of malice, while probably all alike were kindled to admiration, and possibly to a sort of moral envy, by the penitential fervor with which he invoked the doom of "Too late" on so many of his own Government's past war exploits.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's history is always picturesque; but must we accept both the compliment to the Prime Minister and the rebuke to the War Office implied in the suggestion that the Government only woke up to the necessity of more machine-guns by Mr. Asquith dropping in from a casual crossing of the Channel, and saying: "By the way, we seem to be badly off for Maxims"? At least, the small proportion of machine-guns (two to a battalion) was common talk long before June last, and if it is true that the War Office ignored it and the grave battle issues that depended on it, something more than a slighting sentence in a speech

of the Minister of a companion (or rival) department, ought to be meted out to it. But I imagine that Mr. George himself was a member of the Cabinet Committee for looking into munitions, appointed some nine months before June, 1915. As Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. George was at least the second most important figure on it. Did the shortage of machine-guns come before this body?

THOSE who knew Sir John Rhys as the "Principal of Jesus" rather than as a great Celtic scholar, or even as a master of Welsh literature, Welsh education, and Welsh history and life, will not miss him the least. His house at Oxford was a real centre of liberalism (in the broad sense) existing at a time when a revival of modern thought and tendencies was in progress. Sir John stood for this movement, though not on the lines of idealism. His mind was direct, practical, and simple, as one might have expected from the first sight of his strong face and short, sturdy body. Nothing of the "don" there, but much of the helpful Nationalist and intellectual worker, using great knowledge of the past of his people to enlarge their future.

I HAVE a friend who is a wag, a little in the line of Theodore Hook's device of impromptu practical joking. The other day, seeing a famous judge in the park, whom he did not know, he addressed him by name. The judge stared, and said a little haughtily, "You seem familiar with my name, sir." "Yes, my lord," was the reply, "I have been a litigant in your court, and I labor under a deep sense of injustice." "Unsuccessful litigants," said the judge, still more stiffly, "are apt to make such complaints." "Pardon me, my lord," was the reply, "I was a successful litigant." Needless to say, the case and its issue were equally invented.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP.

THERE is no more damaging criticism upon the claim of history to be a science than the facility with which bold and ingenious minds have produced general laws or leading ideas for the explanation or illumination of the great human drama. Some have attributed the prosperity of nations to original qualities of race, to peculiarities of physical environment, to the practices of exogamy and external commerce, to the exploitation of the useful or the precious metals. Similarly, the decline of nations has been explained by such general causes as slavery, parasitic imperialism, the decay of family life, and mercenary armies. So soon indeed as the notion of social evolution dawns upon the mind, the search for these large ordering ideas becomes the chief intellectual attraction. The dangers of the process are manifest. So multifarious and so malleable is the material of history that it is often possible, by a largely unconscious process of selection and rejection, exaggeration and extenuation, to get out of history what you have put into it. This is particularly liable to happen when a vigorous mind is seized with an intrinsically interesting idea.

Now, to most of us the most interesting thing in life is a powerful personality. Hence a constantly recurring tendency to read history almost exclusively in terms of conspicuous personalities, and to invent a theory to justify doing so. At times of crisis, such as that in which we are living, a sort of gregarious instinct seems to make us look to leaders, entrust them with arbitrary and unusual powers, and place upon them the whole responsibility for the successful conduct of the nation. How far is this a testimony to the truth of what may be termed the "hero" view of history, the view which finds the greatness and success of a nation, not in any common qualities of its people, but in the conspicuous merits of rare transcendent individuals? Carlyle, as we know, half a century ago gave immense vogue to this treatment of history as "the biography of great men," and to the statement that the whole art of government consisted in getting "the man of intellect to the top of affairs."

Social evolution, however, meant nothing to Carlyle who ever lived in a world of mystery and miracle, in which men of destiny were served up by providence when the need for them arose, and forced their way to their rightful leadership by some heroic process of self-assertion. It was inevitable that some one should endeavor to bring Carlyle's desideratum into conformity with the evolutionary formula. This is done in an extremely interesting and well-written little book by Mr. Hugh Taylor, entitled "Government by Natural Selection" (Methuen). Mr. Taylor argues that the personal rivalry for political power and distinction is a selective struggle of the same character as the biological struggle for existence itself, that its aim and result are to place the ablest men at the service of a nation, and that the political institutions and methods of a country are successful just in proportion as they favor this free assertion of natural ability. This semi-biological explanation of the "will to power" in men of great intellectual ability and moral determination involves, of course, the assumption of a wider evolutionary process, by which the success of these ambitious individuals is made contributory to the general welfare. This assumption belongs to the larger doctrine of individual competition by which *laissez faire* economists have striven to show that enlightened personal greed and selfishness, if left to their own devices, will produce the maximum of industrial prosperity. Mr. Taylor, however, is not much concerned with discussion of the philosophy of his position. In support of his main thesis that "the fortunes of a nation depend in the last resort upon the capabilities of its leading statesmen," he appeals to the admitted facts of history. The greatness of the Athenian Republic coincided with the supremacy of a little group of brilliant men, and disappeared as soon as the power fell into inferior hands. The ruin of France under Louis XIV., and the final collapse before the forces of revolution, were due to the folly, jealousy, and suspicion which precluded talent from attaining high place in Government. So with the fall of Spain, after a course of magnificent success, in which careers were freely open to men of talent.

"The failure was not in the individuals. Their powers were, on the contrary, exceptionally brilliant; the inference is, therefore, irresistible that the failure was in the Government; and the failure was in the Government because the intellectual life-blood of the nation was not permitted to reach and reinforce the centre of administration."

In the main, Mr. Taylor's argument is a sermon upon Pope's familiar text:—

"For modes of government let fools contest.
Whate'er is best administered is best."

A healthy State and Constitution are those which allow and encourage men of ability and ambition to come to the front, and to impose and carry out their policies. Such political systems are not to be classified in the ordinary categories. Absolute monarchy and extreme democracy are, for instance, equally unfavorable to the "natural selection" of governing ability, for each imposes foolish and jealous restraints upon character of commanding distinction. Rome in the great days of the Republic, and England during some centuries of her career, have been most successful in facilitating the emergence and supremacy of able statesmen. But, as in the case of Athens, so in the modern democracies of France, England, and America, he finds grave perils. First, there is "the fatal tendency of democracy to defeat the natural law which brings great men to the front, by conferring an undeserved supremacy upon popular but worthless candidates." Secondly, he finds a dangerous attempt to claim for elected assemblies powers of legislation and of government which they are utterly unqualified to exercise, and which ought to be left to a small powerful governing executive. It is not the business of a Parliament to perform any really determinant acts, either of a legislative or an executive character. All the motive power of Government, the formation of policies, the initiation of laws, the conduct of affairs, must rest with the dominant minds in the Cabinet. He holds, with the late Mr. Godkin, that the comparative success both of the Roman Senate and of our Parliament arose from the fact that neither has been a really legislative or initiatory body. The great peril of our democracy consists in the attempt to hamper the rightful initiative and rule of strong, independent statesmen, by substituting mere party leaders, who are specious rhetoricians or manufacturers of popular expedients for getting votes. Parliament consists of representatives who, by this very title and the method of appointment, cannot be the men of exceptional ability and character demanded by the State for its truly creative and determinant acts. The proper function of Parliament is to watch the interests of the people and to exercise not initiative but control.

The argument is vigorously conducted, but not really convincing. There are many hitches. What is the process which Mr. Taylor calls "natural selection," bringing great men to their proper places in the State? Nature, indeed, presents a variety of human material, but in what sense, outside the purely biological struggle, can she be said to "select" statesmen? Great men do not get to the top of affairs by the sort of struggle which enables the successful cock to rule the roost. The selection or choice proceeds by the will and judgment of men, monarch, or class, or people. Though Mr. Taylor discusses with great acuteness the qualities and defects of popular election of representatives, he never exposes the actual process by which his great personalities either do or ought to get to their proper place. This failure is inherent in his general thought. For, by his narrow restriction of the part "the people" plays in Government, he fails to furnish any explanation of the public service which his men of ability are destined to perform. This is largely due to his neglect to trace the meaning and the origin of laws and acts of policy. Ambitious, clever men, seeking power and honor, could never be expected or enabled adequately to safeguard or promote the prosperity of their people. For the personal rivalry upon which Mr. Taylor relies for his selection affords no guarantee either of policies subserving the popular interest, or of the public spirit, which is the admitted moral virtue of the true statesman. Really successful statecraft demands a free competition, not only of

ambitious would-be leaders, but of ideas and projects expressing the real needs, interests, and progress, of the people. The discovery, expression, and satisfaction of these needs and interests, require a larger collective participation in the processes of Government than belongs to the attenuated and ill-defined "control" assigned by Mr. Taylor as the sole function of the people and their representatives.

Finally, we must express our distrust of the sharp contrast, whether in the field of politics or industry, or of any other human art, between the few who are admitted to possess ability and initiative, and the many to whom these qualities are denied. These qualities are, of course, distributed in widely different proportions among different men, but close study of the birth, growth, and achievement of important social improvements seldom presents them as issuing from the creative brain of some single man of genius or eminence. While, therefore, we find much with which to agree in Mr. Taylor's powerful and searching exposure of the defects of our existing democratic institutions as modes of getting able men into high place, and enabling them to use their ability in the public service, we cannot limit the "will of the people" to the futile task of exercising a "control" which his heaven-sent rulers will overrule or circumvent.

SCIENCE'S SECOND STRINGS.

A vast economic revolution is taking place in Germany. Its causes are the British naval blockade and modern science. All sorts of things which before the war were discarded or little thought of are now coming to their own as tangible and cardinal cogs in the ordinary machinery of life or in the modern war machine. Many of the shifts to which the Germans are driven are not without humor, and they are feeding the sporting interest which apparently lurks under their own somewhat heavy sense of the ludicrous. Even in this country science is performing a function similar to that which it fulfils in Germany; but whereas here it has to deal chiefly with methods, there it is concerned with supplying substitute materials, and this not only in military matters but even in food.

Many of these makeshifts have a purely theoretical interest. In the "Doctor's Dilemma," Mr. Shaw swathes Dr. Blenkinsop with brown paper. There is nothing inevitable in trousers or skirts made from wool or cotton. There are probably thousands of substitutes which Germany could discover if put to it. She might have chosen to anoint her citizens with heavy oil if it were not that oil is much scarcer than clothing is ever likely to be. Yet one wonders how far Germany will be pressed before she commandeers the clothing, which would fill her shells with explosive. Dr. Blenkinsop's refuge, in any case, cannot be hers, since paper, like cotton, is cellulose, the most essential factor in smokeless propellants, such as cordite. Otherwise one might devise attractive Berlin modes from paper, and doubtless its crackle would sound as sweet as the rustle of cottons. The guns are indeed more grasping than the gowns. Without cellulose the war would soon have a term set to it. A sudden thirst for fibre brushes in a northern neutral tells a tale, since wood fibre is also cellulose. Wood pulp or esparto grass, too, provide this necessary material; but the forests of Germany are hardly likely to be shot from German guns in Russia or France, since the method of employing wood cellulose instead of the cotton variety

would require a revolution in plant. The huge amount of explosive used must, of course, be the chief spur to German science in these days, for besides cellulose, nitre or nitric acid is a prime necessity. The names of the chief high explosives, "trinitro" compounds, have made this fact known far and wide. Nitre or saltpetre is chiefly obtained from South America, and no doubt Germany, being a provident country, has laid in a vast stock of this necessity. But if the stores should run low, she has an almost inexhaustible supply in the atmosphere. For some years there have been large factories in Norway, where water power is readily accessible, turning nitrogen into nitric oxide, and so on to nitrate by means of the electric arc. Germany has for a few years been using a different method. The nitrogen of the air is made to combine with hydrogen, under the influence of two rare metals, to form ammonia, which is again made to join with oxygen, producing nitric acid.

Even with nitre and cotton, the explosive question is not solved. Glycerine is as important as either, and it is generally obtainable from fats. It is true that it can be built up from another organic compound, propylene; but this is of more theoretical than practical value. Practically, glycerine is a bye-product of the manufacture of soap, and this is made by the action of certain alkalies upon fats and oils. Now, in spite of the lack of stringency in the blockade, Germany is suffering from a shortage of fats. These substances play an important part in the economy of the body. They are normally the body's fuel, though, of course, some part of them is assimilated. As the manufacture of glycerine is quite dependent upon the supply of fats and oils, these have now almost passed from the diet of the poorer Germans. It is difficult to think that the nut-gathering crowds of German children will substantially lighten the problem, though nuts and seeds contain a high percentage of fat. Almonds and pine-kernels are more than half-fat; and all seeds contain some proportion of fat or oil. The school children are, therefore, gathering glycerine. Acorns, beech-nuts, and linden seeds also provide another of the commodities of which Germany is at present in need—animal fodder.

It is the lack of fodder which has caused the shortage in milk and butter. Each of these can be made far from the lowing cow. Butter is an elastic term which may include almost any composite fat. Indeed, the butter obtained from authentic cow's milk is a mixture of compounds; but any given sort of butter can be counterfeited. Milk can also be obtained as a synthetic product. Nature and animal life are such profound synthetic chemists that it is strange we should regard it as wonderful that man also is learning to build up from elementary constituents these organic compounds. It will probably be a commonplace of the world some centuries hence that all necessities of healthy life can be built up in the laboratory from their four basic constituents, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. There are a number of other elements which go to make up the human body. Normally, these are obtained from vegetable or animal food; but to substitute the effective part of them in the body would cause no difficulty whatever. At present, however, Germany is working in a vicious circle. Natural butter is scarce owing to the scarcity of fodder. Synthetic butter cannot be made since fats are so valuable for war purposes. Part of the function of fats, such as butter, in the bodily economy can be performed by sugars, and this has driven the German housewife by a sure instinct to all sorts of jams. Marmalade is not obtainable, but fruit, the food value of which is almost wholly due to its sugar, was prolific last summer.

It has been easy to provide a substitute for the common gasoline used by motor cars. As gasoline is distilled from crude petroleum which is being kept out of Germany, motor traffic had to find some substitute. It naturally took refuge in benzol, a coal-tar product. But this is no very sure stand-by, since coal-tar is the source of toluene and carbolic acid, each of which is necessary for the manufacture of high explosives. Trinitro toluene and picric acid or trinitro-phenol, are the two most famous high explosives. Carbolic has so many other uses that this probably accounts for the remarkable economy in fuel in Germany, and the hay-box has taken the place of the major part of the fuel used in cookery. War cookery books tell the German housewife how to make the hay-box, and provide recipes for use with it. The hay-box, however, is an institution even in peace time. Another substitute for a normally produced commodity is synthetic rubber; but though it is some time since rubber was first made in the laboratory, it is doubtful if the process will produce it cheaply enough and in sufficient quantities to replace the natural article. The presence of what is called a catalytic material quickens the production of rubber. The rare metals which assist the production of ammonia from the nitrogen of the air are catalytics, seeming to irritate the process into greater activity without suffering any change themselves.

A number of the substitutes which necessity has driven chemists to discover will probably pass and be forgotten; but many will survive to create new industries, and to have a far-reaching effect upon the economic state of Germany. Bye-products have notoriously provided fortunes for the people who had the good chance to discover the valuable commodities in the substances which formerly were discarded as useless. Coal-tar, the waste from the production of gas, provides dyestuffs, carbolic, and numbers of other important commodities. It is impossible that the usefulness of waste things should be without its effect when peace returns. But there is another class of discovery which the war has produced which may have even greater effects. The lack of drugs, like phenacetin and formalin, has driven British chemists to seek for cheap and efficient methods of producing them in this country, so that we may no longer be dependent as heretofore upon Germany. Acetone, which is used for the manufacture of chloroform and iodoform, and is one of the agents for the precipitation of synthetic rubber, is now being made by a new and much improved method, the discovery of which must have a far-reaching effect after the war. And this change in methods applies most amusingly to the German war mania for tubing and cubing anything. There are cubes of coal, of meat essence, or flavoring, and tubes of condensed milk and of cocoa and milk. But it is doubtful if this will survive the return of Europe to sanity except as the distorted atmosphere of a dream.

Short Studies.

THE ANGEL.

BY LEONID ANDRAYEV.

THERE were moments when Sashka would have liked to make an end of what we commonly call life. His imagination tried to conjure up images of what it would be like not to have to rise early in the morning, nor to wash in icy-cold water, nor to go to the school and be frequently scolded there, nor to endure the pain in his

back and in every limb when his mother, as a punishment, made him kneel for a whole evening. But being only thirteen, and ignorant of the means by which people cease to exist when they no longer wish to, he continued being scolded at school and kneeling at home, and it seemed to him that life was without end. One year would go by and another and another, and he would still be going to school, still doing all the things he hated. And, being possessed of an indomitable spirit, Sashka did not take to adversity kindly, but revenged himself on the world at large, abusing his school-fellows, being rude to his principals, destroying his text-books, lying to his masters, to his mother, to everyone. To his father only, he did not lie. If during a fight some boy chanced to make his nose bleed, he would purposely besmear himself with the blood so as to make the damage appear worse than it really was, and without so much as a tear in his eye would howl at the top of his voice in such a piercing, unpleasant manner as to compel all those around to stop up their ears. When he felt he had cried enough he would stop suddenly, put out his tongue, then take to drawing caricatures of himself yelling at the masters with their fingers stuffed in their ears, and the unfortunate victor and his companions standing by, trembling with fear.

All his exercise books were filled with caricatures, the most common among them representing a fat little woman striking a tiny boy, who was as thin as a match, with a huge rolling-pin. Beneath in large crooked letters were written the words: "Say you are sorry, you brute!" "I sha'n't, not if you burst."

Towards the end of the Christmas term Sashka was expelled from school, and when his mother attempted to strike him he retaliated by biting her finger. This act brought him his freedom. He gave up washing in the morning, ran about the streets all day, amused himself by fighting other boys; was afraid of nothing, excepting hunger, for his mother no longer provided him with food; it was only his father who saved him crusts of bread and scraps of potatoes. Under these conditions, Sashka began to find life possible.

It was Friday, Christmas Eve. Sashka had been playing with the other boys, until one by one they had departed to their various homes, and the frozen little rusty gate had creaked after the last of them. It was getting dark. A grey, snowy mist was rising from the field opposite; a steady reddish light appeared in the dark little building at the end of the street. It grew colder. When Sashka approached the circle of light round the street lamp he could see tiny snowflakes whirling in the air. It was time to go home.

"Why so late, you brute?" his mother greeted him, shaking a fist but not daring to strike. Her sleeves were rolled up; great beads of perspiration stood on her big bare arms and on her flat, browless face. As Sashka passed her, a familiar smell of vodka reached him. The mother scratched her head with her dirty finger nails, and as there was no time for scolding she spat on the ground.

"Statistics, to be sure!" she hurled after him.

Sashka sniffed disdainfully as he disappeared behind the thin wooden partition whence his father, Ivan Savitch, could be heard breathing heavily. Shivering with cold, he was sitting on the stove-settle with his hands tucked under him, trying to warm himself.

"Sashka, the Svetchnikovs have invited you to their Christmas party," he whispered, as the boy entered. "Their maid came for you some time ago."

"Really?" Sashka asked dubiously.

"Why, of course. The old hag won't tell you, but she got your coat ready."

"You are not telling me a lie, are you?" Sashka asked again, his surprise increasing, for the rich Svetchnikovs, who paid for his schooling, had forbidden him their house after his expulsion.

Again receiving his father's assurances, Sashka grew thoughtful.

"Well, why don't you get up? Why are you sitting there?" he exclaimed presently, jumping about on the stove settle, and then added: "I won't go to those devils, so there! The pigs would die if they saw me

again. 'Wicked boy!' " he mimicked through his nose. "Nobody is good but themselves, the blockheads!"

"Oh, Sashka, Sashka! You will come to a bad end."

"And what about you?" Sashka retorted roughly. "You should not talk, you old stick-in-the-mud. Why, you are afraid of a woman!"

The father trembled, but made no reply. A faint light, that crept through the aperture between the top of the partition and the ceiling, shone on his high forehead, accentuating the deep, dark hollows round his eyes. There was a time when Ivan Savitch used to drink heavily, and his wife feared and hated him; but when, however, he began spitting blood and gave up vodka, she took to it in her turn. She paid back with interest all that she had suffered at the hands of the narrow-chested man whom she did not understand, who had been dismissed from his post for his drunken, refractory habits, and filled the house with proud, impossible, long-haired fellows like himself. Unlike her husband, drink seemed to agree with her; she grew daily stronger, and her fists became heavier. She would speak her mind freely now, invite home the kind of people she liked, with whom she would sing rowdy songs at the top of her voice, while her husband lay behind the partition, shivering with the cold that would never leave him, and contemplating the horror and injustice of human life. And to whomever Ivan Savitch's wife chanced to gossip for a while, she complained that she possessed no worse enemies in the world than her own husband and son, both insufferably proud of their book learning.

"But I say you will go!" the mother said to Sashka after an hour had gone by, and at every word she banged her fist on the table, making the dirty glasses dance and clink against each other.

"And I say I will not go!" Sashka replied callously. The corners of his mouth twitched from a desire to show his teeth. At school this characteristic had gained him the nickname of "Wolf's Cub."

"I'll beat you black and blue," the mother shouted.

"Do!"

To beat a boy who had taken to biting her was no longer possible, to turn him out of doors was worse than useless, as she knew that he would sooner starve than go to the Svetchnikovs, so she appealed to her husband's authority.

"A pretty kind of father, to be sure, to let the boy treat me like this!"

"Do go, Sashka!" came appealingly from the stove settle. "The Svetchnikovs are good-natured folk; they might make things right for you again."

Sashka smiled contemptuously.

Long, long ago, before he was born, his father had been tutor to the Svetchnikovs, and to this day considered them the kindest of people. It was before his drinking days, when he was still the county statistician. He had lost touch with them after his hasty marriage with his landlady's daughter, who was on the eve of giving birth to his child. From that time he began going down hill, until at last he was picked up drunk in the streets and carried to the police station. The Svetchnikovs, however, kept on helping him financially, and Fioktista Petrovna, Ivan Savitch's wife, though she hated them as she did books and everything else connected with her husband's past life, was nevertheless proud of knowing them, and would boast of the acquaintanceship a good deal to her friends.

"You might perhaps bring me something from the tree," the father ventured.

Sashka knew that this remark was merely thrown out as a bait, and despised his father for his weakness. But he really was anxious to bring back something for the poor invalid; it was so long since he had smoked any decent tobacco.

"All right," he said. "Give me my coat! Have you sewn on the buttons? I daresay you've forgotten."

The children, not yet allowed into the drawing-room to see the tree, were all in the nursery chatting together. Sashka listened to their innocent prattle with a look of disdain, while his hands, in his trouser pockets, were busy

toying with the already half-crumbled cigarettes he had managed to steal from his host's study. Kolya, the youngest Svetchnikov, came up and stopped near him with a look of dismay. His feet were turned inwards, and a forefinger was placed at the corner of his mouth. It was barely six months since he had been broken of the habit of putting his finger in his mouth. He had very fair hair, cut in a straight fringe over his forehead, corkscrew curls hanging down his back, and large questioning blue eyes; exactly the kind of boy Sashka enjoyed teasing.

"Are you an ungrateful boy?" Kolya asked. "Miss said you were. I am a dood boy."

"Of course you are!" Sashka replied, glancing at Kolya's little velvet knickers and large turn-down collar. "Would you like my dun? There, take it!"

Sashka held out his hand. The gun had a piece of cork attached to the nozzle, which he placed against the unsuspecting Kolya's nose and then pulled the catch. The cork struck the boy's nose, then dropped, dangling by its string.

Kolya's blue eyes filled with tears, and his finger flew from his mouth to his reddened nose.

"B . . . bad . . . bad boy!" he stammered.

The door opened and a beautiful woman entered the room. Her hair was brushed smoothly back, and covered part of her ears. It was Madame Svetchnikov's sister, the lady to whom at one time Sashka's father had been tutor.

"This is the boy," she was saying to a bald-headed man who accompanied her, indicating Sashka. "Why don't you bow, Sashka? You must learn to be polite!" But Sashka bowed neither to the lady nor to her bald friend. Heknew a good deal more than the lady suspected. He knew his poor father once loved her, and that she had married another. And though this marriage had not taken place until after his father's, still, Sashka could not forgive her for her supposed infidelity.

"He comes from a bad stock," Sophia Dmitrievna was saying with a sigh, "but couldn't you do something for him, Platon Michailovitch? My husband thinks a workshop would be more suitable for him than school. Would you like to go into a workshop, Sashka?"

"No!" was Sashka's curt reply, his ears catching the word "husband."

"Would you like to be a shepherd?" the bald man asked.

"No, I wouldn't!" Sashka persisted.

"What would you like to be, then?"

Sashka did not know.

The bald man looked the strange boy up and down in perplexity. When he raised his eyes from his patched boots to his face Sashka put out his tongue and drew it in again so quickly that Sophia Dmitrievna, who had not noticed it, was unable to account for the old man's sudden irritability.

"I want to go into a workshop," Sashka said meekly.

The beautiful lady looked pleased. She sighed, thinking of the power one can exercise over others through love and kindness.

"I don't know if I can find a vacancy," the old man said, trying to avoid Sashka's eye, and passing his hand over the short hair at the back of his neck. "However, we will see what can be done."

The children were growing restless and impatient to see the Christmas tree. Both by virtue of his size and reputation for wickedness Sashka's trick with the gun became quite popular, and not a few red little noses could be seen among them. The little girls laughed and clapped their hands with glee as each little knight, disdaining to show the fear he felt, stood blinking while he waited for the blow of the cork.

Soon the door opened, and a voice was heard: "Come along, children! Gently, gently!"

Their eyes opened large with wonder as two by two the children trooped into the brilliantly-lighted room, and walked quietly around the glittering tree. It cast a bright, even light over their faces, their round eyes, and rosy lips. For the space of a minute an enchanted stillness pervaded the room, to be immediately broken

by a chorus of triumphant shouts. One little girl, quite unable to contain her joy, kept jumping up and down on the same spot, her little plait, tied with a blue ribbon, bobbing about behind her.

Sashka was sad and sullen. A feeling that foreboded ill oppressed his wounded little heart. The tree seemed to blind him by its beauty and the garish brilliance of its countless candles. The sight was strange to him—unfriendly—like the crowd of clean, pretty children dancing around it. He would have liked to knock it over, so that it fell on their fair little heads. He felt as if two hands were clutching at his heart and squeezing the last drop of blood out of it. Taking refuge in a corner behind the piano, he sat there, his hand in his pocket, unconsciously crumbling the last of the stolen cigarettes. He, too, had a father, a mother, and a home, he thought, and yet he felt himself utterly forlorn. To regain his courage he began thinking of his penknife, a treasure he had recently acquired in exchange for something else, but it seemed very insignificant to him now with its half-broken yellow bone handle. To-morrow he would break it, and then there would be nothing left.

Suddenly, Sashka's narrow eyes glistened, his face lighted up with wonder, then instantly assumed its usual expression of defiance. On the side of the tree facing him, which was not so well illuminated as the rest, he caught sight of an object that seemed to have no place in the scheme of his existence, but without which everything in the room was so void and meaningless as to make the people about him appear hardly real. The object was a little angel of wax, suspended carelessly among the thick, dark foliage, and looking as if it floated in mid-air. Its gossamer wings shimmered in the light; it seemed so real as if ready to fly away. Its delicate pink little hands were stretched upwards, and so was the little head with the hair that suggested Kolya's. There was something in its face, too, that resembled Kolya, though it possessed a quality that Kolya's face lacked, as did the faces of all the other people about it. The angel's face did not shine with joy, nor was it overcast with sorrow; it bore an expression that cannot be conveyed in words, cannot be grasped in thought, but can only be comprehended by a feeling such as prompted it. Sashka was unconscious of the power that drew him towards the angel, but it seemed that he had always known and loved it—loved it more than his penknife, more than his father, more than anything else in the world.

Perplexed, agitated, and filled with an incomprehensible joy, Sashka put his hands over his heart and whispered: "Dear . . . dear angel!"

The more he gazed at it, the more wonderful the angel's expression became. It seemed so far, far away, so unlike anything that surrounded him. It would have been almost a sacrilege to touch its delicate wings. "Dear . . . dear . . ." Sashka whispered.

His head was on fire. With hands clasped behind him and stealthy step he walked about, ready for mortal combat in defence of the angel. He kept his gaze averted from the beloved object so as not to attract the attention of the others towards it, but he felt that it was still there, knew that it had not yet flown away.

The hostess appeared in the doorway. The delighted children immediately surrounded her; the little girl with the plait and blue ribbon stood by, blinking her sleepy eyes. Sashka, too, came up. A lump rose in his throat.

"Auntie . . . Auntie . . ." he began, and in trying to give a soft tone to his voice he made it sound even harsher than it usually was. "A . . . Auntie . . ."

The hostess did not hear him, and Sashka tugged at her dress impatiently.

"What do you want? Why do you pull my dress? You must really learn better manners!"

"A . . . Auntie . . . Give me one thing from the tree . . . the angel."

"I can't," the hostess replied coldly. "The tree must not be touched till New Year's Eve. And really, you are no longer a little boy, and can call me by my name—Maria Dmitrievna."

Sashka felt as though he were falling down an abyss, and clutched at the last straw to save himself.

"I am sorry . . . I will try and learn better," he muttered. But the words that had produced such a magic effect on his masters failed to touch the old lady.

"I am glad to hear it, my dear," she said indifferently.

"Give me the angel!" Sashka demanded roughly.

"It is impossible," the hostess replied; "don't you understand?"

But Sashka did not understand, and when she turned towards the door he followed her, gazing aimlessly at her black, rustling dress. In his over-excited brain a recollection arose of how a boy in his form had once asked the master to let him have the troika, and on being refused had fallen on his knees, put up his hands, and burst into tears. The master had been furious, but the boy had gained his end. At the time, Sashka had immortalized the episode in caricature, but now the boy's act appeared to him as a possible means by which he might gain his own end. He tugged at the old lady's dress, and when she turned towards him he fell clumsily on his knees and put up his hands in supplication. Do what he would, however, the tears refused to come.

"Are you mad!" the hostess exclaimed, casting an anxious look around. Fortunately there was no one else in the room. "What is the matter with you?"

On his knees, with hands clasped together, Sashka gave her a look of hatred and demanded rudely:

"Give me the angel!"

There was an evil light in his eyes as he fixed them on the old lady, ready to catch the first word that should form on her lips.

"Very well, I will give it to you," she said hastily. "But what an absurd boy you are! Of course, you shall have the angel if you want it so badly, but why couldn't you wait until the New Year? Come, get up! You must never," she went on admonishingly, "go down on your knees. It is not fitting for the dignity of a human being. You should only kneel before God."

"You can talk as much as you like," Sashka thought, and in his effort to get ahead of her he trod on the old lady's skirt.

When the hostess took the toy from the tree Sashka devoured it with his eyes. His hands kept opening and shutting nervously in his fear that she might break it.

"What a pretty thing!" the old lady said, with a feeling of compassion for the delicate, costly toy. "I wonder who put it here? And what do you want it for, pray? You are such a big boy! What good will it be to you? Look, here are some picture books instead; I promised to give this to Kolya." The latter was added on the spur of the moment.

Sashka's torment grew so unbearable that he almost ground his teeth with rage.

To avoid a scene the hostess handed him the toy.

"There, take it!" she said, with displeasure. "What an obstinate boy, to be sure!"

The hands that took the toy were as tense as two steel springs, and yet so soft and gentle that the angel might have been floating in air.

"Ah!" a long-drawn sigh escaped Sashka. Two tiny tears appeared in his eyes—tears that were not accustomed to the light. He did not take his eyes off the hostess as he drew the angel slowly to his breast; but kept gazing at her with a soft, gentle smile. He trembled with a feeling of supernatural joy. It seemed as though when the angel's delicate wings should touch Sashka's sunken chest something wonderful would happen—something so bright and glorious as had never yet taken place on this sad, sinful earth of ours.

"Ah!" another sigh escaped him when the little wings came in contact with his breast. His face shone brighter than the decorated tree with the garish light of its many candles. The old lady smiled; the bald-headed man's impassive face twitched nervously; the children were hushed into silence, touched by the sight of so much joy. In that short moment all noticed the absurd likeness between the clumsy schoolboy in clothes that had grown too small for him and the face of the angel, the work of an inspired artist's hand.

Suddenly an unpleasant change came over the scene. Sashka drew himself together like a panther preparing for a spring. He cast a black look around as though defying anyone who might dare to take his treasure from him.

"I am going home," he said abruptly, elbowing his way through the crowd, "home to my father."

His mother was asleep, tired out with the day's work and heavy with drink. In the little room behind the partition a small kitchen lamp stood on the table, and its faint yellow light that penetrated with difficulty through the smoky chimney cast strange shadows on the faces of father and son.

"What do you think of it?" Sashka asked in a whisper, holding the angel away from his father so that he should not touch it.

"Wonderful!" the father said softly, gazing pensively at the toy. His face bore the same tense, joyous expression as Kolya's. "It looks just as if it would fly away," he continued.

"I know!" Sashka said proudly. "You don't think I am blind, do you? Just look at the wings! Mind! don't touch!"

The father drew back his outstretched hand, while his eyes took in every detail of the toy.

"What a bad habit you have of clutching at everything!" Sashka remonstrated in a whisper. "You might have broken it!"

The distorted shadows of two bended heads were thrown on the wall—the one large and shaggy, the other round and small. Strange, agonizing, yet not unpleasant thoughts began to take shape in the larger head. Under the fixed stare of the wide-open eyes the angel grew brighter, the wings seemed to flutter silently, and all around, the dark beams, the dirty table, Sashka—everything, mingled into a greyness that had neither light nor shade. It seemed to the doomed man as if a plaintive voice called to him from that wonderful world in which he had once lived and from which he was banished for ever; from that world where there was neither scolding nor despair, nor the cruel, blind battling of egoism against egoism—in that world where one did not experience the torture of being picked up drunk in the streets, nor feel the derision and blows of rough policemen. In that world everything was bright and pure and happy. And this purity was reflected in the heart of the woman he had loved more than his own life, yet she was lost to him, while his useless, senseless life remained.

A wonderful perfume was mingled with the smell of the wax that came from the toy. To the doomed man it seemed that the fingers of the woman he had loved caressed the angel. He wanted to kiss those fingers one by one, and keep on kissing them until death should seal his lips for ever. That was why the toy seemed so wonderful to him, why he was so attracted to it. The angel had come down from heaven, where lived the soul of the woman he loved, and brought a ray of light into that grey, steaming room, into the dark soul of the man from whom all had been taken—love, life, and happiness. And side by side with the man who was at the end of life sat the little man who was only at the beginning. His eyes were fixed on the angel caressingly. Grim reality, the future, had disappeared for him—his poor unfortunate father, his brutal impossible mother, the humiliations, the cruelty, despair. Vague and unformed though Sashka's thoughts were, they yet moved his chastened soul deeply. All the good in the world, all the hope and sorrow, seemed to him centred in the form of the angel, making it shine with a soft divine light, and its gossamer wings tremble silently.

Neither father nor son saw each other. In different ways their bruised and troubled hearts wept and rejoiced in turn. The bridgeless chasm that separates one human being from another and makes man so lonely and weak suddenly snapped between them. With an unconscious movement the father put his arm around the son's neck, while the son just as unconsciously nestled his head against his father's consumptive breast.

"Did she give it to you?"

At any ordinary time Sashka would have replied

brutally in the negative; now the heart itself supplied the answer, while the lips pronounced the conscious lie.

"Of course she did! Who else would have given it me?"

The father made no reply; Sashka, too, lapsed into silence. A sound of snoring came from the adjoining room. There was a groan, a creak, and then the clock struck with an uncertain stroke—one, two, three.

"Do you ever dream, Sashka?" the father asked.

"No," Sashka replied. "Oh, yes, I did once, though. I dreamt I was climbing up the roof after the pigeons, when my foot slipped and I fell down."

"I always dream," the father continued. "Some dreams are wonderful. You see everything that used to be; you love and suffer just as in real life."

Again he lapsed into silence. The arm round Sashka's neck trembled convulsively. The weird stillness of the night was suddenly broken by a sound of suppressed sobbing.

Sashka raised his eyebrows in amazement. Gently, so as not to disturb the heavy arm round his neck, he wiped the tears from his father's eyes. It was so strange to see a grown man weeping.

"Oh, Sashka, Sashka!" the father sobbed; "why all this?"

"Well, really!" Sashka whispered drily; "just like a baby, to be sure."

"I am sorry . . . I won't again," the father apologized with a pitiful smile. "But why? why?"

Pioktista Petrovna turned over in bed. She heaved a deep sigh and muttered with a strange persistency: "Hold the cloth! hold it! hold it! hold it!"

It was time for bed, but the angel must first be safely disposed of for the night. It was too precious to be left on the floor, so by a piece of thread they hung it against the damper of the stove, its delicate form being outlined against the white tiles. In that position both father and son could see it easily. Hastily gathering together the few rags on which he slept, the father threw them into his corner, undressed quickly, lay down on his back, and instantly fixed his gaze on the angel.

"Why don't you undress?" he asked, pulling the ragged blanket closer around his chilly limbs and rearranging the coat thrown over his feet.

"It is not worth while; it will soon be time to get up."

Sashka was about to add that he did not feel sleepy, when he fell asleep before the words passed his lips. He slept soundly, as though he had fallen to the bottom of a deep well.

A tranquil peace settled on the weary face of the man who was at the end of life and on the face of the brave little man who was only just beginning to live.

And the angel, hanging against the warm stove, began to melt. The lamp, left burning at Sashka's request, filled the room with a smell of kerosene oil, and cast a desolate light over the scene of slow destruction. The angel seemed to move; thick drops fell from its rosy little feet on to the hot stove; the odour of warm wax mingled with the smell of kerosene. The angel started, as though preparing for flight, then dropped with a dull thud on to the stove. An inquisitive cockroach came up, sniffed at the formless mass, and finding the place too warm took refuge on the gossamer wings, then ran on further.

The blue light of the rising day crept through the curtained window, while outside the early water-carrier was already heard clanging his iron can.

Translated from the Russian by R. S. TOWNSEND.

WHAT AUSTRALIA THINKS OF THE DARDANELLES.

AUSTRALIAN troops have suffered severely in the Dardanelles. The casualties to date total nearly 30,000.* This gives Australia the right to thoughts—and deep thoughts—upon the policy which dictated this expedition and the way in which it has been carried out. Nevertheless, Australia claims the right to its own

thoughts on the subject. She does not wish ideas fabricated in editors' rooms or London Clubs to be fathered upon her. It is the habit of certain classes of people in Great Britain who claim to have the Empire peculiarly under their charge to pose as authorities on and interpreters of Australian opinion. On important and critical occasions Australia is solemnly quoted as being in favor of a particular policy, or offended at some proposal formulated by the Imperial Government. The danger of this is obvious. Australia seldom speaks with one voice on any great subject. It is as difficult as it is in England to interpret public opinion correctly. If self-constituted persons in England are to be allowed to enunciate Australian opinion and use it as a make-weight in political controversy, a great deal of harm will be done. Its positive influence will be small, but its effect in rendering Imperial relations more difficult may be great.

Two conspicuous examples of this have occurred since the war began. A few months ago it was represented that Australia was seething with indignation because Mr. Fisher's request for an Imperial Conference had not been complied with. The writer believes that the failure of the British Government to call, and of the Dominions to support the demand for, a conference was a great mistake, but he is compelled to admit that public opinion was not greatly concerned. Most of Mr. Fisher's Government were against the proposal, and the whole Press of Australia condemned it.

Now we are told that Australia is becoming agitated over the slaughter of so many of her troops on the ill-starred adventure to the Dardanelles, and it is suggested for us that we should send a Minister to confer with the Home Government upon it. This conveys an entirely false impression as to our attitude in Australia, and English people should know definitely what Australia does think about the Dardanelles.

Nobody who knows Australia would believe for one moment that a huge casualty list would unsteady Australians. The fact that the casualty list among the Australian troops is at a higher rate than in almost any other service in the present war is a matter for sombre pride. Australians are penetrated with British traditions, and there is no rival claim on their imaginations. The landing of the Australians is compared with the landing of Wolfe at Quebec. The charge of the unmounted battalions of the Light Horse at Lonesome Pine, where seven Victoria Crosses were won in one night, will be compared, for more reasons than one, with the charge at Balaklava.

There is no whimpering in Australia; no thought that we have done unwisely; done more than our duty. Nobody believes that we have conferred a favor on the Mother Country by fighting for her. We realize that the war is our war, and that we are vitally interested in its results. As a matter of fact the Dardanelles Expedition appeals strongly to the Australian imagination. The associations of the place and the dramatic character of the fighting touch us. If Australian troops were to lead the way into the historical City of Constantinople the gratification of Australia would be deep.

The Australians are a more imaginative people than the stock from which they have so recently sprung. Though they have had no war of their own, and their conquest of the Australian terrain has been peaceful and unadventurous, they entertain no delusions as to what war is. They expect losses. They expect and are willing for greater and greater sacrifices. They are also prepared for mistakes both in the diplomatic and political spheres and in the actual conduct of operations. They expected some muddling, especially in the beginning. Someone must blunder in this most well-regulated British family. We took the chance knowingly because we knew that we were not superior to such misfortunes ourselves. We are a free democracy, and know the difficulty to which such a political form is subject in the conduct of military policy. The legend that the Australian is a sort of Young Yankee, with the same condescension to Britain as a decadent country as the American indulges, is quite false. Australians are gifted with the spirit of criticism, but with the saving

* This was written in Melbourne on November 5th, 1915.

salt of humor. Criticism of public men in Australia is unrestrained, and we do not pretend that war would find the community officered by superior and gifted statesmen, but merely by men who are representative of ourselves.

Moreover, the Dardanelles campaign has brought us some big compensations. It has introduced a note of seriousness into Australian life. It means that we have come of age as a nation, proud, conscious of acts well done by brave sons. It means that there has been no deterioration of the stock in the new land. It means that the qualities of resource, of leadership, and of loyalty and discipline, by which the Empire has been built, are maintained in these new branches of it. It means more than this too. It is a vindication of the methods of social and political life which have been established by the Australian Democracy. The free conditions of life, the equalization of the classes, the reversal of the seat of political power to the masses, the improvement of material conditions in higher wages, good living, and good housing; none of these social experiments have weakened the fibre of the race. Australian soldiers have proved themselves the equal of any soldiers now fighting in courage, in endurance and resource, and are probably superior to any in weight and general physique. If the Dardanelles Expedition be a failure, splendid or otherwise, it will not have been taken in vain.

Public criticism, therefore, of the Dardanelles expedition and the conduct of the war generally, though it exists in certain sections of the press, has not been unkindly, and is not such as to cause the slightest embarrassment to the Imperial Government. No British Minister can complain that his task has been rendered difficult by captious criticism in Australia. The uneasiness which is evidently felt in certain circles in England is not reflected either in Parliament or Press in Australia. So clear is this attitude that the suggestion that a Minister from Australia should go to England to consult with the Imperial Government has not been received with any interest. The suggestion is a good one, apart from its immediate context. One wonders how it is that we should have ever tried to wage the war without some definite scheme of consultation and co-operation. It is an illustration of how little any logical conception of what the Empire should be has penetrated the mind of the average politician, whether in England or the Dominions. Probably when Mr. Fisher goes to England as High Commissioner, he will have some consultations with the British Government. But Mr. Fisher, like other Prime Ministers, has owed his position chiefly to his power of keeping his party together. This he has achieved by moral rather than intellectual qualities. Nobody believes that he would be of much assistance to British Ministers or would be a very forcible exponent of Australian views. If Mr. Hughes, the present Prime Minister went, everyone would feel that a keen mind was being applied to every problem, and that no hesitation or deference would prevent the free expression of opinion.

But however admirable the state of opinion is in Australia, and however gratifying to British Ministers, it cannot be denied that the situation has terrible risks. The calm of Australia is really an indication that she does not regard the conduct of the war as part of her responsibility. All she has to do is to help, in the best way she knows how. "Hers not to reason why." In this way all the stimulus of responsibility is absent, and if the voluntary system is retained, the proportion of volunteers will never be so great as in England. But the defect is greater even than this. On the one hand Australia regards Britain as entirely responsible for the conduct of the war, and will not aspire to share that responsibility, but only supply troops. On the other hand, Britain will not discharge her responsibility to the Dominions by indicating the best way in which assistance can be rendered. She will merely accept what is offered. No scheme of mutual aid or co-operation has ever been formulated, and the offers from the Dominions will always be made in the dark. The consciousness of this fundamental defect is causing a great deal of con-

cern to those who study the war and its problems more deeply in Australia. They believe that the war can be won only by a maximum of effort on the part of the Empire. For the reason stated, and for various other reasons, this maximum of effort has not been put forth. The whole national will has never been concentrated on the one end. Effort has been dissipated. It has been spread over too large a plane. For lack of co-ordination it has lost momentum, and never achieved its maximum of effect. Those who read the English press and magazines have noticed how the first mood of absolute surrender to the Government has been succeeded by a mood of criticism, and that that criticism has produced, not a ready response, but resentment and reaction, with here and there a grudging concession. The colossal achievements in the organization of the new armies have been warmly recognized, but the adherence to old, clumsy, and unwieldy political methods, the lack of accommodation to military requirements, the failure to develop the higher and more delicate functions of the politico-military organization, are noticed. The constant failure of confident anticipations, the constant miscalculation, the series of diplomatic and strategic failures and the long period of apparent indecision create uneasiness among well-informed people. Those to whom the acknowledged failure of the Dardanelles campaign might be as one of the chances of war cannot take it apart from the other phases of the conduct of the Allies. Perhaps the most depressing phase of the whole situation is the jaunty optimism of some British politicians and the great masses of the people. Thinking people do not believe that Providence intends to interfere on behalf of the Allies like a Homeric goddess. The war can only be won by supreme effort, and if the supreme effort is not being made, there is no time and place for optimism. The idea of defeating Germany by silver bullets or economic pressure is not satisfactory to any man with foresight. It is quite possible that Germany, while forced to sue for peace, will have achieved a moral victory and vindicated her social system and her political autocracy. It is quite possible that the democratic institutions of the Allies may have been so discredited as to lead to reaction after the war. Peace is of no value unless it means a vindication of the power of Liberty as a social force.

These thoughts weigh in the minds of thinking men, but they make no condemnation, and are prepared for a vindication of the Imperial Ministry by a change of the tide. We are prepared to leave the stocktaking until after the war. Then we can take down our institutions, examine them, and see whether they have stood the test. For Australians in such stocktaking the touchstone will be the Dardanelles campaign. Here Australians have had an intimate and personal experience of co-operation with Great Britain in a great enterprise. They have striven together for a common glory, they have suffered the chances and consequences of British diplomacy and statecraft. They have willingly surrendered themselves to British leadership, military as well as political. British and Australians have fought and died side by side or lain together wounded on the field. Such an intimate experience must have great results. It is commonly supposed that the war must bring the various parts of the Empire more closely together and lead to closer co-operation. But this is no matter of course. If British statesmanship vindicates itself that result may very well be. But if to critical minds, like those of Australians, British policy seems lacking in manliness, if it is proved to be indecisive, hesitant, compromising, and slow, if the cause of democratic liberty is discredited by ineptitude, lack of foresight, and lack of moral courage, if leadership, political or military, is proved to be resourceless and unimaginative, then it is not likely that there will be any closer approach or any striking development of Imperial organization. It is not suggested that there would be a weakening of the tie, that the affection between the British peoples would be impaired or their sense of common interest weakened. If further conflicts arise, Australia will certainly be fighting side by side with her Mother Country, and if another Dar-

danelles adventure is launched, Australia will go without asking question. But above all material ties, above all ties based upon common danger or common interest, the factor which plays the greatest part in holding the Empire together is the spiritual leadership of the world by Great Britain. It is Britain—the cradle of freedom and modern democracy, the mother of Parliaments, the most successful exponent of the principles of responsible representative Government—who attracts the imagination and secures the passionate devotion of a young democracy like Australia. If weak and trembling hands let fall this sceptre, then the days of the Empire as a powerful, united, positive force in the world are numbered.

F. W. EGGLESTON.

Melbourne.

Communications.

THE UNAMENDING BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When the Minister of Munitions desires to secure concessions from Labor, he is always most particular first to take Labor into his confidence. Before his demands are made public, he arranges a private conference with Labor representatives: all the suggestions they put forward are promised the fullest and fairest consideration, and finally the Minister brings forward his proposals under the specious cloak of an agreed measure.

This trick was played on the workers at the time of the original passage of the Munitions Act, and it has been tried again, during the last few weeks, in connection with the Amending Bill. This time it has succeeded only in part. Mr. Lloyd George has indeed secured the passage of a Bill which does nothing to mortify the biggest of Labor's grievances, and, with the greater part of the press behind him, he has prevented much of the truth from leaking out; but he has not succeeded this time in deceiving, even for a moment, the workers themselves.

I can only describe the way in which the Minister of Munitions has got his new Bill as a "confidence trick." I think the justice of the description will be plain to anyone who reads Mr. W. Mellor's communication on the subject in last week's NATION. The facts are, briefly, these: Mr. Lloyd George required an Amending Bill in order to secure enlarged powers for himself and his Department; but such was the condition of unrest under the Act that he could not get this Bill without introducing some amendments designed to meet some of the Labor grievances. A Bill was accordingly drawn up, giving the Ministry of Munitions very wide powers over new fields of industry, and, incidentally, remedying one or two injustices to labor so flagrant that they can only be supposed to have crept by mistake into the original Act. This Bill was placed before a small private conference of trade union leaders, and, as a result of the dissatisfaction it gave, a full representative labor conference was summoned for a week later. This full conference met in a by no means acquiescent mood, and passed, unanimously and by acclamation, a long series of proposed amendments to the Munitions Act.

The Minister of Munitions, as usual, promised to give full and earnest consideration to the unanimous demand of the trade union movement; but, when his Bill appeared in its revised form, it showed little or no indication that the Conference had ever been held. Mr. Lloyd George's form of "full and careful consideration" was to ignore the trade union suggestions almost completely; and yet his Bill was presented to Parliament as an agreed measure.

For the moment the result is yet another victory for Mr. Lloyd George and his methods. But let us try to see more exactly how the Amending Bill changes the Labor situation.

In an Act that leaves most abuses where they were, the women have come off best. Their demand that one assessor on a Munitions Tribunal trying a woman must be a woman was too reasonable to be refused by anybody. But, in addition, the women have gained the concession that, in their case, and in their case alone, the Ministry of Munitions may

fix rates of wages that shall be compulsory in all controlled establishments. This in effect means, it is to be hoped, that the circulars dealing with women's wages and conditions issued by the Ministry of Munitions will be at once declared compulsory, and it is to be hoped that pressure will be put on the Ministry to fix fair rates for all classes of women's labor.

For munition workers generally, the changes made are almost negligible. The grievances most urgently needing a remedy fell in the main under four heads—leaving certificates, Munitions Tribunals, workshop rules, and the fixing of wages. In every case matters are left very much as they were before.

First, let us take leaving certificates. By an obvious error in drafting, the original Act made it possible for an employer to dismiss a man, and at the same time, by refusing a leaving certificate, prevent him from getting employment elsewhere. It is a great concession to Labor, indeed, that the Ministry of Munitions should deign to rectify its own drafting mistakes. Apart from this amendment, the most important change in Clause 7 is one preventing the employer from turning the leaving certificate into a character note by writing on it anything beside the official particulars. Another change secures the munition worker a week's notice; but this is so hedged about with restrictions and exemptions as to be almost valueless. Another orders tribunals, in considering applications to leave, to take into account whether a man's skill or other qualifications could be better employed in some other class of work.

These amendments, taken by themselves, sound reasonable enough; but they do nothing to remedy the workers' grievances under Clause 7 of the original Act. It is still for the worker who desires to change his employment to prove his case to the tribunals, and not, as the Labor Conference demanded, for the employer who desires to retain his services. The worker is still a serf, tied to his workshop, and subject to whatever conditions his employer likes to impose.

Turn now to the Munitions Tribunals. In cases affecting women, one assessor is in future to be a woman. That is something; but the unanimous Labor demand for a drastic change in the composition of the Tribunals has been ignored. The workers demanded that the employers' and workers' assessors should have equal voting power with the Chairman. This has been refused. They demanded direct election of the workmen's assessors. No notice was taken. Most important of all, they demanded the establishment of Local Joint Committees, representing employers and employed, which should take over many of the functions of the Munitions Tribunals. The Government promised its full consideration for this demand; it has simply ignored it.

This, indeed, is the crux of the whole problem. Mr. Lloyd George believes in coercion for its own sake. He describes France as a pure democracy, and gives as his reason that the French Republic enjoys a system of pure coercion. Anything like real representative government is anathema to a democrat of this type. The suggestion that employers and employed are better capable of setting their own house in order than the Minister of Munitions is capable of doing it for them is to him rank treason, obviously intended to hinder the output of munitions. "*L'état c'est moi*—I am the munitions industry," is the burden of Mr. Lloyd George's song. With the Minister of Munitions in his present frame of mind it is of no use to expect changes for the better. He will continue to secure a large output of munitions as long as he continues to pour out money like water in return for them, unless he provokes labor too far. Its patriotism is now subject to a further strain. The danger is lest it snap when he is least expecting it.—Yours, &c.,

G. D. H. COLE.

December 22nd, 1915.

Letters to the Editor.

USELESS RECRUITS.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a matter of grave urgency in connection with our military policy? It seems

to be pretty generally admitted that the prime weakness of our armies are the cadres, which cannot be improvised on the spur of the moment. It is stated that the Germans are providing the cadres for the Turkish armies to operate against Egypt and in the East; and, whether this be true or not, it is certain that an army is, in effect, its cadres. This seems, oddly enough, to be recognized now by the directors of our military policy, since an Army Order, issued on Saturday, lays down that first appointments to commissions, except in the case of those who have previously served as officers in the Regular Army, will be made on probation. But if officers are to be probationers for six months—the period laid down for the infantry—whence are the officers for the recruits recently enrolled to be drawn? If they are to be taken from the armies now in the field this will at once exaggerate the weakness already experienced. But unless they are obtained in that way the War Office seems now to recognize that the troops will not be efficient for service in the field until some problematical date in the distant future.

What sort of sanity is it to recruit indefinitely if it is recognized that the officers who alone can turn recruits into an army are not to hand, and cannot be made in any reasonable time? Why saddle ourselves with recruits whose only proximate use is to swell our expenditure at the same time that they deplete our producing power?—Yours, &c.,
H. C. O'NEILL.

HUNGARY AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—The following translation of an order recently sent to all school teachers in Hungary will probably interest your readers:—

"The Royal Hungarian Minister for Education requests all teachers to pay special attention to educating the children in the coming term to the respect and honor due to our enemies; that no hatred or contempt should enter the minds of the children against the brave men with whom their fathers are in deadly combat; and that hate or contempt is not to be cultivated in the youthful minds."

Although both Hungary and Austria are now to a large extent controlled by Germany, it is evident from the foregoing that Hungary has not become infected by the German disease of hatred and malice.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. SHRUBSOLE.

INTERNATIONAL TRADE AFTER THE WAR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—This is a cheery "sort of" peace to which Mr. Leckie invites us! Apparently a treaty of peace is to be signed, and diplomatic relations to be resumed, on the basis that a German Ambassador may be received by the King, but a British subject may not receive a bale of goods from Germany, and no German ship could enter a British port. Presumably no British ship would pollute itself by entering a German port, and the ten million tons of coal which we annually export to Germany would remain in our mines, for it would, I suppose, be "unthinkable" that the British companies which supply some German towns with gas would continue to illuminate people who are only fit for darkness. Mr. Leckie's letter throws fresh light on the question of "the freedom of the seas," for hereafter no British ship may enter the Elbe or the Weser. How delightful for the British shipowner! In the bad old days, before the war, he could load his cargo of grain in the Black Sea and sail thence for an unknown destination, his cargo being sold during the voyage. He could then pick up his orders at Gibraltar or Falmouth and go to a British, Belgian, Dutch, or German port. In the future he will not be able to load a cargo until it is sold, and, therefore, any German, Dutch, Greek, Austrian, or Spanish ship would get the preference. It would, of course, be "unthinkable" that our Colonies should not join in the boycott, so that Canadian produce, destined for Germany, would have to go via the United States. And, opportunely, the United States are apparently bent on cultivating a mercantile marine. Possibly it may occur to those "wisest heads" who are to tackle this problem, that the programme may result in the crippling of our mercantile marine and the aggrandizement of that of

other countries. And all this so that we may indulge in Pecksniffian orations to people with whom we have concluded "peace."—Yours, &c.,

CHAS. WRIGHT.

[We have been compelled to hold over a number of important letters this week.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

PROGRESS, 1914-15.

"Lo! I am athirst," said the brown earth,
"And I would drink my fill."
"Have I not slaked thee," cried the grey skies,
"From river, stream, and rill?"

"I would have wine," said the hot earth,
"Red wine from hearts afire."
"Lo! thou shalt arise," cried the fierce sun,
"Clad in a new attire."

"My fruit abundant," said the fair earth,
"As never seen before."
"Gladly shall I bear," cried the proud tree,
"That ripe and luscious store."

"My cloth so radiant," said the vain earth,
"Shall wrap me in its sheen."
"Deeply shall we weave," cried the slim grass,
"In tender gold and green."

"Lo! I am athirst," said the hot earth,
"And I would quench my fears."
"Then thou shalt taste," cried the young maid,
"The bitter sweet of tears."

"Have I not held them," said the old earth,
"The dead unto my heart,"
"Under my white robe," cried the chill wind,
"So a new spring should start."

"Men must pale and die," said the black earth,
"So men may rise and live;"
"And I was born thus," cried the great town;
"In blood they slew to give."

"Grant to me red wine," said the brown earth,
"Else do I droop and tire."
"As in the great past," cried the pale hills,
"We drank of hearts afire."

"In war have I grown," said the fierce earth,
"Man against his brother."
"Death's sheaves have fed thee," said the green woods,
"Beast slaying one the other."

"I have built my state," said the proud earth,
"In strife and foul dissension;"
"Thy church uprising," cried the grey rocks,
"From blood and hot contention."

"Lo! I am athirst," sighed the brown earth,
"Grant me red wine to spend"
"As it was in the beginning," said the great hills,
"And shall be to the end."

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

AT BETHLEHEM—1915.

THE travellers are astir—
Bearing frowns for incense,
Scorns for myrrh.

War flings its sign afar—
There's blood upon the Manger,
Blood upon the Star.

Dear Lord:
Who fain would find the Savior
Find the Sword.

E. T. SANDFORD

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Fighting France from Dunkerque to Belfort." By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
 "The Journals of Lady Knightley of Fawsley." Edited by Julia Cartwright. (Murray, 12s. net.)
 "Theology in Church and State." By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
 "What Germany Thinks, or the War as Germans See It." By F. A. Smith. (Hutchinson. 6s. net.)
 "Rudyard Kipling: A Literary Appreciation." By R. Thurston Hopkins. (Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "L'Hôtel des Ventes." Par René Benjamin. (Paris: Oudin. 3 fr. 50.)

* * *

THERE is a serious, and, judging from the number of editions published, a successful book which instructs its readers on how to get into tune with the infinite. Anybody who wants to get into tune with the Christmas spirit could do worse than read Dickens, or even read about him. There is something infectious in his high spirits, his kindliness, and his bellicose jollity. And a good opportunity offers itself in Mr. Walter Crotch's "The Pageant of Dickens," just issued by Dickens's publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It is the book of a real Dickensian, and its essays on the different groups of characters in the novels—the children, the actors, the parsons, the lawyers, the criminals, and so forth—are excellent studies in appreciation. "The personages of fiction," says one of Anatole France's creations, "live an active life. They have souls; and their malignant authors send them forth among us like demons to tempt and to ruin us. Even the more innocent authors, such as Dickens, are very guilty. They divert towards imaginary personages the tenderness and pity which would be better directed to the real beings by whom we are surrounded." Certainly Dickens's characters live an active life, and rouse emotion in a higher degree than those of most other authors. And what an amazing gallery he has painted! To read him is like going into the street and rubbing shoulders with all sorts and conditions of men, everyone of them with his own distinctive personality.

* * *

I HAVE a great liking for Dickens's clergymen, bad as well as good. A clergyman in a book is so much more endurable, so much easier to get on with, than one in real life. There are, it is true, people who share Beatrix Esmond's views on the subject of clergymen:—

"Oh, these parsons, I hate 'em all!" says Mrs. Beatrix, clapping her hands together; "yes, whether they wear cassocks and buckles, or beards and bare feet. They're all the same, whether they're bishops, or bonzes, or Indian fakirs. They try to domineer, and they frighten us with kingdom come; and they wear a sanctified air in public, and expect us to go down on our knees and ask their blessing; and they intrigue and they grasp, and they elander worse than the worst courtier or the wickedest old woman. Oh! these priests and their grave airs! I'm sick of their square toes and their rustling cassocks. I should like to go to a country where there was not one, or turn Quaker and get rid of 'em.'"

* * *

ONE of the charges brought against Dickens is that he deliberately labelled our spiritual guides. He was undoubtedly prone to caricature them, and neither Churchmen nor Nonconformists escaped his shafts. Much the same is true of Trollope, yet nobody thinks a whit less of him on that account. And Dickens's malice, as Lamb said of Coleridge's metaphysics, was only his fun. It would be hard to find a better type of a manly and disinterested cleric than the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle, Neville Landless's tutor in "Edwin Drood." The conversation between him and the Dean, when Neville is suspected of murder, is delightful:—

"Mr. Crisparkle," quoth the Dean, "human justice may err, but it must act according to its lights."
 "I am entirely satisfied of his perfect innocence, sir, nevertheless."

"We-e-ll," said the Dean, in a more confidential tone,

and slightly glancing around him. "I would not say so generally. Not generally. Enough of suspicion attaches to him to—no, I think I would not say so generally."

Mr. Crisparkle bowed again.

"I hope you do not object, sir, to my having stated in public emphatically (said the Minor Canon) that he will re-appear here . . ."

"Not at all," returned the Dean. "And yet, do you know, I don't think (with very nice and neat emphasis on those two words), I don't think I would state it emphatically. State it? Ye-e-es! But not emphatically—No-o-o, I think not. In point of fact, Mr. Crisparkle, keeping our hearts warm and our heads cool, we clergy need do nothing emphatically."

Here we have the spirit of Keble's exhortation to R. H. Froude, "not to be original."

* * *

CHADBAND and Stiggins have points in common, but the latter is a mere low-comedy type of the early Dickens period, while the former has a sort of unctuous and grandiloquent dignity that lifts him to the highest level of hypocrisy. Caricatures as are some of his orations, their command of current religious phraseology explains his ascendancy. Take, this, for example:—

"My friends, peace be on this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful and pleasant, and serene and joyful? O, yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace upon you and yours!"

This is an obvious type of sermon which, in homiletical language, is not yet altogether dead amongst us. Stiggins, on the other hand, has not a ray of religious dignity, and his potations at the "Marquis of Granby" are poor contrasts to Chadband's wholesale consumption of tea-table delicacies.

* * *

DICKENS's clerical portraiture is fairly friendly as compared with that of many other novelists. Trollope is undoubtedly the great novelist of clerical life. Jane Austen's parsons are almost all examples of the parasitic Levite. Charlotte Brontë, the daughter of one clergyman and the wife of another, makes us dislike her parsons, who are nearly all from the same mould. Brocklehurst, in "Jane Eyre," is an unpleasant figure drawn from life, and there is nothing sympathetic about Mr. Helstone and the three curates in "Shirley." But they are masterpieces. "While they supped they argued, not on politics, nor on philosophy, nor on literature . . . but on empty points of ecclesiastical discipline, frivolities which seemed empty as bubbles to all save themselves." Thackeray did well with the Rev. Charles Honeyman and Dr. Tusher, and Fielding's Parson Adams is, of course, one of the great literary creations. But, when we remember the Rev. Melchisedech Howler, the Rev. Frank Milvey, the Rev. George Silverman, and others who are only painted in vignette, we have cause to be grateful to Dickens.

* * *

AMONG contemporary writers, Miss Mary Cholmondeley has drawn some excellent clerical portraits in "Red Pottage." The shrewd and sympathetic Bishop of Southminster is contrasted with his dictatorial narrow-minded rector, Mr. Gresley. Unlike the Dean of Cloisterham, he speaks emphatically, rather to his squire's dismay. "I wish Gresley would not call the Dissenters worms," is the latter's complaint; "they are some of my best tenants, and they won't like it when they hear it." But the rector is consoled for this criticism:—

"James is simply surpassing himself," said Mrs. Gresley to herself. "Worms! What a splendid comparison! The Churchman the full-grown man after the stature of Christ, and the Dissenter invertebrate (I think, dear James, means inebriate) like a worm cleaving the earth. But possibly God, in His mercy, may let them slip in by a back door to heaven! How striking! What a lesson for the bishop, if only he were here! He is so lax about Dissent, as if right and wrong were mere matters of opinion."

There ought to be a book about the managing or admiring wives of parsons in fiction.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

CONCLUSIONS WITHOUT PREMISES.

"Towards a Lasting Settlement." By G. LOWES DICKINSON, C. R. BUXTON, H. SIDEBOTHAM, J. A. HOBSON, IRENE COOPER WILLIS, MAUDE ROYDEN, H. N. BRAILSFORD, PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., and VERNON LEE. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN all probability the writers of this book would unite in holding that its chief value lay in its general tone and spirit more than in the special contributions to knowledge made by the separate essays. If they do, I believe that they are exactly wrong. For, while the essays naturally vary in value, two or three of them are contributions of real help towards the solution of great and inevitable problems. Yet the tone, as generally set by Mr. Dickinson and maintained by most of the contributors, seems to me calculated greatly to weaken such influence for good as they undoubtedly wish to exercise.

The best essay in the collection is Mr. Hobson's discussion of the Open Door. With that dispassionate insight which one expects from the writer, it examines the causes of international discord which belong to the sphere of economics, and finds that they lie in various violations of the principle of Free Trade, in the full sense in which Cobden conceived it. But freedom of trade under present conditions implies not only freedom of import and export, but also freedom of investment and freedom of migration. As far as Great Britain and her Crown Colonies are concerned, these three freedoms have been fully granted: our self-governing colonies have, unfortunately, followed the rest of the world in restricting them. To the eye of an English Liberal it looks as though Germany, if she merely wanted to secure free access to the markets of the world, had a clear line of policy before her, and a policy in which she could have counted on English backing. However, that possibility is past; and so, too, as Mr. Hobson points out, has the possibility of securing Free Trade by *laissez-faire*. Free migration and free investment, uncontrolled and unwatched by Governments, would "soon convert any rich unabsorbed corner of the world into a Congo, a San Thomé, or a Putumayo." The new grouping of nations after the war must attain their necessary economic freedom by means of some international control.

The form which international control in political matters ought to take is cleverly discussed by Mr. Brailsford, on "The Organization of Peace." He criticizes and dismisses various of the proposals which have been made, and eventually decides that the International Council which we all desire must be not diplomatic, but parliamentary. That is, each country must not merely send its quota of accomplished persons, instructed like lawyers, to defend their countries' interests; it must be permanently represented by a deputation elected on some proportional system by the various organized parties in its home parliament. The object of this plan is to prevent the vote of the International Council from simply following the pull of separate national interests—as it did, for example, at the Congress of Berlin, and to create, if possible, an international division of parties. Suppose, for instance, that we were outvoted in the Council: "If the vote against Great Britain meant merely that Germany had 'squared' the Scandinavian delegates and 'compensated' the Balkan members, so as to create a factitious coalition against us, we might refuse to obey it, and rightly so. But if it meant that our advanced policy had been for the moment negated by the caution of a mixed majority—a French Conservative voting with a German Clerical and a Russian Slavophil"—we should be far more likely to acquiesce. The objections to this parliamentary scheme are no doubt serious, and possibly fatal; but the idea is well worth propounding.

Among the other essays Mr. Sidebotham's discussion of the freedom of the seas is particularly instructive and clear. Much of it can be answered, but it decidedly needs answering. Mr. Buxton has some good and sensible things to say about nationality, its rights, its necessary limitations, and its fearful dangers. Miss Maude Royden, on "War and the Woman's Movement," writes temperately and well, and with a certain beauty of spirit which comes as a refreshment. Miss Irene Willis has some amusing and

mischievous parallels from the Great French War with which those who wish to attack the present Government may regale themselves. "Vernon Lee's" paper, if not particularly helpful to the practical publicist, provides at least some good reading and good ideas. Mr. Snowden's paper I read with deep regret. I will only say that the case for Democratic Control of Foreign Policy deserved a more thoughtful and more scrupulous advocate.

After all this praise, what is it that I complain of in the tone of the book?

It is that the attitude taken up by Mr. Dickinson is, in my judgment, totally impossible for any feeling man to maintain. Either a vast and appalling series of crimes has just been committed against Europe and against humanity, or it has not. Either view is possible; so are various middle views. But it is not possible simply to ignore the question. The common opinion maintains, as I should maintain, that the ruling forces of Germany, after extraordinary successes under a militarist Government, developed a very dangerous habit of thought, pursued a grasping and treacherous foreign policy, and eventually plunged into a long-prepared war of ambition, which they have waged with great ability and with circumstances of unusual falseness and cruelty; while Germany's enemies, though far from saints, have on the whole played the game of old and decent diplomacy according to the recognized rules, and the foreign policy of Great Britain in particular has, since the Boer War, been exceptionally pacific and disinterested. It is possible, of course, to maintain the opposite views; to insist that a high-minded and peaceful Germany was "ringed round" and forced into war by the jealous greed of Edward VII.; that the war was immediately caused by a vast bribe paid to the King of the Belgians, or not paid to M. Isvolsky—both views have their advocates. Or again, that the superiority of the German character and culture to all others makes it desirable that other nations should be first weakened and humbled, and then re-educated under German guidance. I can understand the open treason of Sir Roger Casement, who always hated the English and wanted to fight them, and takes his due chance of being hanged or shot. I can respect the totally different but equally outspoken attitude of Mr. E. D. Morel, who somehow happened before the war to have used some very strong, and, to my mind, unjustifiable language against France and England and in favor of Germany, and will now—if I read him rightly—be damned before he will unsay a word of it in order to please the Jingoists. But I see nothing but weakness in the attitude of Mr. Dickinson and his colleagues, who seem to think that the whole question can be left on one side as of no importance, while they build their airy structure for the future of Europe.

Mr. Dickinson urges—as the German Government would wish him to urge—that we should not study the Diplomatic Documents of the Thirteen Days before the War, the only period on which there is full information available, and a student can come to a clear decision. He quotes—as the German Government would desire him to quote—the strong pro-German and anti-Entente opinions of Baron Greindl, at one time Belgian Minister in Berlin—the same Baron Greindl who assured his Government that "they had nothing to fear from Germany, only from France," and therein showed himself notoriously duped: but that by the way. He quotes Baron Greindl and then leaves the matter, without attempting to decide whether that gentleman was right or wrong. But he is discussing the future settlement of Europe with a view to peace, and obviously the same settlement will not suit both cases. A settlement which is excellent if Greindl was right may be absurd if Greindl was wrong. Mr. Dickinson is like the Pope, who, when presented with the Bryce Report about the atrocities in Belgium, said: "Ah, but they say they didn't do it," and there left the matter. By all means leave the matter there if you have no responsibility and mean to take no further interest in politics. But if you are undertaking to propose a settlement for the future of Europe, you must surely aspire to clear knowledge about a few of the most gigantic facts of the present and past.

I leave on one side an obvious further point which I might make. The neutrality of opinion which pervades most of this book is not, as a matter of fact, a sincere and honest impartiality. The charity is not a quite pure-hearted charity. The volume is full of hints and digs and implica-

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tions against the good faith of Great Britain; none very outrageous, except perhaps in one essay, but in their mass inevitably suggesting a mind "ready to wound and yet afraid to strike." I leave this point aside, first, because no doubt the writers have cause for irritation, and it is childish to complain of men not being angels; and, secondly, because I do not believe that these stabs are dictated by real anti-patriotic feeling in any serious sense. They come, I think, from a mere surface irritation against the prevailing orthodoxy; and the worst accusation I would bring against their authors is that of yielding to small emotions rather than great, of preferring to score off an immediate opponent rather than to deal justly with a tremendous issue.

Mr. Dickinson makes an appeal for Charity, and I know that his appeal is both high-minded and sincere. I would, therefore, all the more ask him—and still more some of his colleagues—what it is that they hope to gain by this non-committal attitude. What they lose is obvious. They alienate, or mislead, opinion in England, and they leave all their own recommendations—even the truest and soundest—hanging helplessly in mid-air, conclusions without a premise. What is the countervailing motive? I cannot for a moment believe that it is fear of the censorship or of mere unpopularity, restraining them from the utterance of their real anti-British opinions. To suppose any such thing would be to do injustice both to the Government and to these writers themselves. Whatever faults I may complain of in them, those of them whom I know personally would undoubtedly face prison or persecution rather than suppress what they believe to be the truth. Is it some idea of appealing to the whole nation, conciliating those who wish at any cost to believe ill of the Government, while not losing the great mass of average men? But it will lose the mass of average men; it will alienate 90 per cent. of the nation for the sake perhaps of netting half the remainder. Is it again, by some wild chance, a hope of being read by reasonable Germans, and so influencing German opinion? That would, no doubt, be a legitimate object of ambition. It would be a great thing to encourage any fragment of reasonable opinion in Germany which would co-operate with reasonable opinion among the Allies. But I cannot believe that this is the way to attempt it, this chill reserve, this ignoring of unpleasant subjects, this attitude of silent all-round rebuke, reminding me of a man in Turgenev who always entered a room "as if he were secretly offended."

It is not that these writers are too sympathetic towards Germany. I wish they were more sympathetic towards Germany and towards England, too. If they could really rise to the height of that charity which Mr. Dickinson recommends, they would then, I believe, feel no need of cloaking the crimes and insanities of German policy or belittling them by raking up pedantic pleas of excuse, *e.g.*, that the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium was never confirmed by Parliament, as if one were to defend a wife-beater on the ground of some irregularity in his marriage-certificate. A high charity would not seek to palliate the fundamental crime of the Thirteen Days and the widespread abominations that have followed it; it would not seek to defend them by quibbles or to treat them as obscure matters of no particular consequence. A high charity would hate these crimes and fight hard against them and their perpetrators. Doubtless it would feel all the time in its heart, with dread and with humility, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Great Britain"; and it would remember through all the present mists of fraud and madness the features of that magnificent and simple-hearted people which generations throughout Europe have loved and learnt from, and which must surely some day find its true freedom and return to its nobler mind. All this it would feel, and more. But, after all, Charity's first task is to help the oppressed, not to excuse the oppressor.

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HORACE WALPOLE would have been a detested writer if he

had been alive to-day. He was a peace-at-any-price man, and this not through idealism, but through cynicism. He turned from war and politics as the concerns of idle persons to the more serious business of his printing-press and his ceilings at Strawberry Hill. This was largely swagger, but it was swagger kept up with infinite grace right to the end of a gouty old age. Partly, too, it was hereditary: he regarded his own bellicose times as degenerate from those of his father, Sir Robert, whom he praises for "rolling out a twenty years' peace, and not envying the trophies which he passed by every day in Westminster Hall." He went so far, during the War of the Austrian Succession, as to affect to regard with indifference the prospect of a French conquest of England. Some time after the Franco-Irish victory of Fontenoy he wrote in a letter to his cousin, Harry Conway:—

"As I love to make myself easy, especially politically, I comfort myself with what St. Evremond (a favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) said in defence of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom that he might engross the riches of it: 'Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, for it will be all his own.' Let the French but have England, and they won't want to conquer it. We may possibly contract the French spirit of being supremely content with the glory of our monarch, and then—why, then, it will be the first time we ever were contented yet."

How comes it that an author who thus makes an art of unpatriotism—the letter we have quoted from, we should say, is not taken from the present charming volumes—appeals to us even in the midst of this world-wide carnage as one of the most attractive creatures of his very attractive century? We may admit nine-tenths of the case that the sober Macaulay makes out against him as a tufthunter, a fickle friend, a self-lover, and a politician who always saw what was right and never did it; and yet, in spite of all this, we turn back to him for gay company as we do not turn to Chatham, or Burke, or Macaulay himself. We should no more think of demanding righteousness of him than of a peacock. He was a perfect creature of his kind, and we are content that he made it his business not to help to beat the French, but to write amusing letters that will make civilized men and women chuckle till the end of Europe. Among the English literary masterpieces of the eighteenth century, the present writer feels that none are more secure of eternity than these three—"Tristram Shandy," Boswell's "Johnson," and the "Letters" of Horace Walpole.

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wards) 'of my own diversions—nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a Prime Minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one—I blush to say it—that I knew was obliged to me . . . I treated him insolently; he loved me, and I did not think he did.'

This quarrel, even when it was mended, changed two bosom-friends into "dear sirs" for the rest of their lives. But perhaps it was written that they were to grow up into "dear sirs" in any case. There was too much of the eccentric old bachelor about each of them to permit life-long ardors of friendship.

Of the four friends whose letters Dr. Toynbee has collected, Ashton is of very little interest except in so far as he is suspected of having repeated to Walpole what Gray had said of him, and so of precipitating the quarrel to which we have referred. Richard West, on the other hand, appeals to us, not only on account of his early death—hastened, according to one story, by "mental anguish, there having been good reason to suspect that his mother poisoned his father"—but because it was to him that Walpole and Gray poured out the best part of their affected boredom and real excitement during their tour on the Continent. "Some time or other," Walpole writes to him from Paris, "we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them." In the same yawning spirit Gray writes to Ashton: "On Monday next we set out for Rheims (where we expect to be very dull)." But these yawns were mainly acting. No one could have been more particular and insular than Gray and Walpole in their censures and dislikes. But they enjoyed their dislikes, in the true spirit of travellers, and over their discomforts they made merry in a well-dressed way, as over exciting experiences. Horace Walpole's passage of the Alps, as he describes it in a letter from Turin, is as lively to read about as Hannibal's. His account of it begins well with a story of a quarrel among his drunken bearers at the edge of a precipice:—

"So, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for, on the very highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of discord in the similitude of sour wine had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them a-fighting, with Gray and me in the chairs. They rushed him by me on a crag, where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again."

There you have an example of Walpole's genius for conveying a scene in a sentence. He had above most letter-writers the artist's sense of things happening, and he discovers an Odyssey of trivial adventures to write about, where Gray contents himself with descriptions and remarks. The loss of his spaniel during the journey over the Alps is, in his description of it, a perfect example of a tiny incident made immortal as the Greek tragedies:—

"I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary a one, it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of one of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tony by the throat, and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is that it was but two o'clock, and broad sunshine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with to so horrid a death."

Walpole reveals in that incident not only a comic little tragedy, but a great deal of that china-teapot self which is the ruling spirit of his letters. Certainly no novelist could have told the scene with more graces.

It has been the aim of Dr. Toynbee in these volumes, not merely to publish a number of new letters which he has discovered, but to publish a full and correct text of many letters already well known. He found his 111 new letters almost by accident in the collection of Sir Francis E. Waller—killed in action in the present war—while he was looking for new Walpole manuscripts with a view to a supplement to Mrs. Paget Toynbee's great edition of

Walpole's letters. It was a happy thought which led him to bring together the correspondence of the friends in a single book. He has performed his task with great care and scholarship. His notes are abundant and useful, and the only one in regard to which we feel uncertain is that in which he declares that the Hugh O'Neill of Ulster to whom Walpole refers in one of the letters was a thirteenth-century Irish chieftain. Is there any reason for not identifying him with the great soldier who fought against Elizabeth? Some of the most interesting of the letters in the second volume are those in which the publication of Gray's poems is discussed by the two principal correspondents. In one of these, Walpole, while printing the poems at Strawberry Hill, urges Gray to leave out the "Mr." before his name on the title-page:—

"I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names; it is a barbarous addition; the other is simple and classic, a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranging myself among classics, I assure you, were I to print anything with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole. *Mr.* is one of the Gothicisms I abominate."

Gray, however, in the end, had his way in this matter, and the volume was published under the title, "Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray."

It is difficult for the two friends to exchange opinions, whether on a little or great affair, without giving it fascination. One may differ from the opinions they express so dogmatically on authors, but one would not like to have missed hearing what Walpole thought of Dr. Johnson and the rest of his contemporaries. He writes with fine contempt of Boswell, while praising his book on Corsica and Paoli:—

"The author, Boswell, is a strange being, and . . . has a rage of knowing anybody that was ever talked of. He forced himself upon me at Paris, in spite of my teeth and my doors. . . . He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and exhorted Rousseau to do so too; but, as he came to see me no more, I forgave him all the rest. I see he now is a little sick of Rousseau himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me. However, his book will, I am sure, entertain you."

He is still more contemptuous of Swift and the publication of the last two volumes of Swift's letters, the first of the two being the "Journal to Stella":—

"Have you read the two new volumes of Swift? The second is the dullest heap of trumpery, flattery, and folly. The first is curious indeed! What a man! What childish, vulgar stuff! What gross language to his goddess! What a curious scene when the Ministry thought themselves ruined! What cowardice in such a bully!—then his libels, and his exciting the Ministers to punish libels in the same breath!—the next moment generous and benevolent."

And he is not more charitable to Voltaire and Rousseau. He loved finding fault, indeed, both with authors and nations, and his anti-French caprices delighted Gray, who shared many of his insular prejudices. One of his attacks on Paris as "the ugliest, beastly Town in the Universe" led Gray enthusiastically to echo his outburst:—

"I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Englishman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dulness and their nastiness, though, I fear, we shall come to imitate them both. Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have been long sick of it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed everything!"

But the English, too, succeeded in shocking Gray. He could not quite understand the light-heartedness of a people who had just suffered defeat at the hands of the Young Pretender's troops at Falkirk. One cannot read his account of the spirit of the country in those days without thinking of the accusations that have been made against the English people for their apparent unimaginativeness in the present war:—

"Our defeat, to be sure, is a rueful affair for the honor of the troops, but the Duke is gone, it seems, with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet to undefeat us again. The common people in town at least know how to be afraid; but we are such uncommon people here as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was. The perception of these calamities and of their consequences, that we are supposed to get from books, is so faintly impressed that we talk of war, famine,

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and pestilence with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh. I heard three people, sensible, middle-aged men (when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby) talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high road) to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed."

These passages from Gray are proof enough that he, too, could write an amazingly good letter, though his letters have not that floating and dancing grace of Walpole's at their gayest. Walpole, it is only fair to warn the reader, is not to be seen at his best in his later letters to Gray. He was more generous of his whimsies in his letters to other friends. None the less, his letters to Gray are better than anybody else's letters of the same generation, and Dr. Toynbee's volumes make a happy gift of literature, wit, and scholarship to a careworn world.

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THE editor of these Essays is a bold man. For his subject has been worn thin. The war has developed more than one doubtful, if distinctive, brand of pietism. These are met with even in *Romuli face*: do not the genial features of Mr. Bottomley and the Rev. R. J. Campbell—the "Church Times" characteristically demurs to the "Rev."—adorn the nearest hoarding? "Good morning!" they greet us, recalling Pears' soap; "Have you read the 'Sunday Pictorial' or 'Herald'?" while the devout Northcliffian draws spiritual sustenance from the religious, and, no doubt, well-intentioned, letters addressed by Sir George Hayter Chubb to the "Times." It speaks much for Canon Foakes-Jackson and his colleagues that, under such circumstances, they should have produced a collection of papers the greater number of which are distinctly above the average of such compositions; while three—those of Canon Rashdall, the Dean of St. Paul's, and Professor Taylor—reach a higher level, and stand out as contributions of exceptional value to religious thought. Canon Rashdall is one of the few men of learning among the Anglican clergy; Dr. Inge is one of the still fewer Englishmen who move easily among and have the power of dealing with ideas. That these divines do not fill, and are, perhaps, unlikely to fill, the Regius Chairs of Divinity at their respective Universities is a commentary, half-grotesque, half-melancholy, on the secondary position assigned in this country to the things of mind.

The first three papers deal with Providence—in the individual; in history; and in the universe. Pessimism, we are reminded—and the same may be said of the talk of reprisals heard from time to time in Clubland or in the baser press—is rare among combatants. It is among those who sit out of the danger-zone that we find these symptoms, which are at bottom pathological: at the front there is a high spirit, and among fighters a certain camaraderie prevails. The thought of the intrinsic limitation of the Divine power (the keynote of the book) is introduced early—in this connection Professor Taylor's excursus on the cosmic, or astrological, signification of the word *Omnipotens* is illuminating:—

"I remember," says Professor Gardner, "that when in the posthumous papers of John Stuart Mill I first met this view, it shocked me extremely. But every year since has shown me that it conforms to the facts of life better than any other view which can be put in its place."

So with the conception of an over-ruling Providence in human affairs. That the history of the world is, here and now, its judgment is a view that can be held only with large reserves. It "has not been discerned in history, but brought in to interpret it"; it has been, and still is, "encumbered with gross and non-moral associations." The attempt to

"assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men"

has led to much sophistry, and been of more disservice than service to religion: as Pitt said of Butler's "Analogy," it

has suggested more doubts than it has solved. For things are not simple, and consequently their explanations cannot be simple. The most that can be said is that:—

"History reveals a contest in which good and evil are striving for the mastery, with varying fortune, but, upon the whole, in favor of the good. This cannot be defined as 'Dualism,' because that would imply that there were but two powers, one entirely good and the other the reverse. But good and evil are so intermingled in individuals and in societies that it is impossible to say, this is wholly good and that wholly bad. All that we can say is that the main tendency of one is in the direction of good; and that the other makes, on the whole, for evil." And that, "evil has no 'solidarity'; and in this respect differs from and is essentially inferior to good."

In the discussion of the difficulties which beset Theism apologists are apt to overlook those—they are more and greater—involved in the non-Theistic position. There are opinions which, because they lie outside the field of demonstration, cannot be disproved, but against which the stars fight in their courses. And among them are heterodoxies as well as orthodoxies; unbelief has its extinct craters as well as belief. The materialistic view of the universe, Canon Rashdall pertinently remarks, is "much less frequently met with than was the case a generation or two ago." History has enlarged our knowledge of man, psychology our knowledge of human nature: if actual religion is in a worse, potential religion is in a better, position than before—perhaps than ever before. And the original sin of traditionalism is that it is blind to this: its representatives continue to fight with primitive weapons when arms of precision have come in. This is particularly the case with the more fundamental apologetic: many a thinker incurs the ill-will of pietists not because he does not, but because he does, believe in God. In this we have much to learn from pre-Reformation theologians, whose atmosphere was freer from controversy, and therefore clearer and more bracing than ours. A Thomist treatise on the Trinity would be denounced by the clerical press as Sabellian; a Thomist discourse on Transubstantiation would seem even to many an Anglican congregation ambiguous and cold. So with Omnipotence. "*Cum possit Deus omnia efficere quæ esse possunt, non autem quæ contradictionem implicant, omnipotens merito dicitur*," says St. Thomas. The limitation is large: it excludes the fictitious region of the imagination, "*non propter defectum divinæ potentiae, sed quia non potest habere rationem factibilis, neque possibilis*." The theology of St. Thomas is taught in every Roman seminary," says Canon Rashdall. He forgets to add that it is taught in popularized handbooks, not in the "Summa," or in the Angelic Doctor's own words. Hence the plague of pious ignorance. For, though you cannot be more orthodox than St. Thomas, "a modern thinker finds himself accused of all sorts of heresies when he ventures occasionally to agree with him." This particular difficulty, it is remarked acutely, "is due largely to that old source of philosophical error—the abuse of spacial metaphor. People seem unable to understand the idea of limit except in the form of a limit in space." They must simply think themselves out of this bad habit. The injunction to lift up our hearts has a corollary—to clear up our conceptions; only so can knowledge be gained. While, on the ethical side,

"the notion that God can do all things, and that therefore what we do, or do not do, cannot in the long run matter over much, has been a fruitful cause of moral indifference and social apathy. . . . It is well that we should remind ourselves that the pain and suffering we have caused by our conduct, the lives that have been spoiled by our neglect, the disasters that have been caused by national wickedness or national apathy, can never be made as though they had never been. Good may be brought out of evil . . . but the particular good there might have been, had we acted otherwise, will never be."

The Dean of St. Paul's invites quotation. He deprecates pessimism, indeed; but his opinion of mankind, even of civilized mankind, is poor. We have made, it is true, some progress from savagery:—

"We do not as a rule eat our enemies, nor enslave their children; the milder torture of cross-examination has been substituted for the rack in our law courts, and the Bishop of Zanzibar is not allowed to burn the Canons of Hereford. . . . But we have not advanced far yet. The plain truth is that we are still barbarians, slaves to the passions and

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the fashions. We employ those parts of our lives which are at our own disposal in solemnly playing at what, for savages, are the serious businesses of life. Our games are mock-fighting, our sports mock-hunting, and some forms of our public worship recall the primitive business of placating dangerous spirits by sacrifice, incantation, and noisy ritual. These occupations give a relief to half-submerged but still powerful instincts, analogous to that 'purgation of the emotions' which Aristotle found to be the chief motive of tragedy."

When this mimicry palls, the savage breaks loose: hence the present horror. The new democracies are more averse from war than the older European nations, because they are freer from certain "false opinions"—with regard, e.g., to territorial aggrandizement, military "glory," the ultimate character of the State, &c.—than we. Even here, however, the brute in man would seldom get loose if it were not for the irrational herd-contagion which almost invariably acts on a lower plane than the will of the individual. Here the plague of the press comes in:—

"In Germany the press is controlled by the military bureaucracy; in England and America it is directed by the hardly less pernicious power of a few capitalists. Moreover, journalism, under stress of commercial competition, is driven to cater for the passions and prejudices of the herd; violent and unscrupulous partisanship is found to pay best. Newspapers which attempt to maintain a fair-minded and judicial attitude fail, whether their clientele is religious or political."

The remedy, he concludes, lies less with writers than with readers: every nation, every Church, every party or sectional interest, has the press that it desires and deserves.

No one looks to the Churches as probable or even possible saviors of the situation. The English Church reflects the mind of the nation, which is sober and determined: but it has followed, not led; nor can we look to it for leading. Yet, if its moderation is at times unsatisfying, we may be content with our "moderate Episcopacy"; they do not manage these things better abroad:—

"The German State Church has hounded on its emissaries of massacre, and has justified or brazenly denied every atrocity. The Roman Curia has played an even more despicable part. Not only has the great moral authority of the Papacy been unexercised; not only has Rome refused to condemn the greatest crime of modern history—the wanton attack upon Belgium; but no attempt has been made to protect its own priests and nuns from murder and outrage, and its most venerated shrines from destruction. Until last year the 'Temporal Power' of the Vatican was still considerable, as Bismarck found to his cost; but a Papacy which has sold itself to Pan-Germanism can in future enjoy neither credit nor influence."

Exeter Hall may console itself: the Papacy invariably backs the losing side. But the Dean will not admit the breakdown of Christianity. What we see is the result of the refusal of the world to receive the Christian message: "it is nonsense to talk of the failure of Christianity, when Christianity has never been tried."

In Professor Taylor's paper on the Belief in Immortality the criticism of the data supplied by what has been called "the obscene supernatural"—occultism, psychical research, and the like—is spiritism conclusive. Were these data better established than they are, they would indicate no more than the possibility of a temporary "survival" of the soul—a survival which might be "merely a slow sinking into mental and moral idiocy: it might survive the body only to fall a victim to an ineluctable 'second death.'" The life of the world to come, in so far as it possesses value, must be an ascending life: its nature and evidence must be moral. The reader may be referred to Professor Palmer's (of Harvard) suggestive book, "The Winning of Immortality"—where the subject is treated in greater detail than is possible here.

Among the remaining essayists Mr. Emmet shows that pacifism, in the modern sense of the word, is no part of New Testament Ethics: in "What is a Christian Nation?" Canon Glazebrook emphasizes the activity inherent in citizenship—"The sinner whom Christ habitually denounces is he who has done nothing. . . . The man who thinks that he does all his duty by helping to pay a professional army has yet to learn what the Christian duty of service means"; while in "The Church after the War," the Dean of Durham

anticipates "a solemn stocktaking (to borrow a phrase from commerce) of Christian experience," and expresses the hope that the crisis through which European civilization will have passed may "make possible a large tolerance of individual self-assertion." We trust that it may be so. But we cannot forget that a large and well-organized section of English Churchmen is working persistently and not very scrupulously in the opposite direction and on opposite lines.

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"The Fortunes of Garin." By MARY JOHNSTON. (Constable. 6s.)

"Broken Stowage." By DAVID W. BONE. (Duckworth. 6s.)

If it were not for the vagaries of contemporary taste, or rather, its steady orientation towards the indifferent, we could not understand the modest reputation enjoyed by Mr. Caine. Here is a novelist of quite exceptional parts, of great literary dexterity, of a freshness and spontaneity of temper, of knowledge and flavor, and especially of a first-hand humor, whose work, in critical estimation, has hardly reached the station of corporal in the ranks of popular fiction. Mr. Caine's books, presumably, sell quite well; they are certainly well advertised, and since the publication of "The Irresistible Intruder" his productiveness has been pretty consecutive. But who dreams of mentioning him in the same breath with Messrs. Belloc, Wells, Bennett, or Hueffer, or even with younger writers like Messrs. Walpole, Cannan, and Compton Mackenzie? And yet, in his own vein—that of a casual, seemingly unpremeditated, astutely managed jocularity—there is simply no contemporary novelist to touch him. Granted that his delightful wit, his power of conceiving extravagant situations, are largely fantastic. Well, Sterne has not been kept out of literature because of Shandean noses. And Mr. Caine's comedy has a sort of traditional guarantee about it. It is as English in its way as Smollett and Fielding were in theirs. Indeed, that is not the only parallel. Like the eighteenth-century humorists, Mr. Caine loves to preserve a semi-satirical air of detachment and impartiality—as if he were the last person who could be responsible for the creatures of his fancy. Like them, he is immoderately fond of digression, mock-serious generalization, and the logical absurdities of moralization. We do not mean to strain the parallel, only to emphasize the fact that Mr. Caine is in the heritage of the characteristically English comedists, and that his personable way of confounding the grave and the ludicrous sets him sky-scrapers higher than the mechanical caperings of popular fiction. Add to that the command of a style at once precise and lavish, polite and buoyant, and you will see that it is time Mr. Caine received his due, not from the omnivorous, but the fastidious.

"Bildad the Quill-Driver" is certainly the most ambitious of all Mr. Caine's happy experiments. He is the son of a leather-dresser, the descendant of countless leather-dressers in the city of Zog, in the province of Maraudistan. But, as the botanists say, he is a "sport," and is possessed with the demon of writing books, rather than with the mild spirit of preparing the commodity for upholstering them. And so he becomes a crusader, pursuing the illusory graal of art. To relate his diverting adventures *in extenso* would be to anticipate for the judicious reader the pleasures that await him. Suffice to say that Bildad has a variegated career and much vicissitude of employment. He writes love-letters for bucolic wooers, is private forger to a donkey-thief, and a copyist of the execrable verses of Prince Hosein in the city of Bul-on-the-Bul. Then, a monstrosity in the collection of the Prince's uncle, Prince Obeidallah (having attained an inordinate paunchiness from surreptitiously stuffing his own rhymed compositions under his shirt), he escapes from the giantess who presses her unwelcome attentions upon him, to become the secretary for ransoms of Cassim the Brigand. The book is indeed full of ingenious devices of situation, pitched to their proper key by the Oriental setting and a solemnly copious style of something of the same flavor and deliberate virtuosity of Dr. Garnett's "The Twilight of the Gods." The digressions drag a little occasionally, in extenuation of which we may point out that Mr. Caine's

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Miss Johnston's romance carries us bewilderingly from a fictitious Orient to a would-be genuine medievalism. Miss Johnston is usually a conscientious and knowledgeable writer, not always able to transfigure her environment into atmosphere, and her powerfully-massed historical material into actuality. By far her greatest successes are with her chronicles of the American Civil War. "The Fortunes of Garin" is a very well-meant attempt at reconstructing the spiritual mentality of chivalric love in the Middle Ages. But it is terribly overweighted. The book is unusually long, but the only episode of importance is the siege of Roche-de-Frêne, the seignury of Prince Jocelin and his daughter Audiart, by Jaufre, the lord of Montmaure, who for his private advantage will have the Princess Audiart wedded to him by force. The siege is raised by Audiart and her Platonist-cum-Troubadour-cum-Knight-cum-Crusader Garin, slipping through the lines of what Mr. Belloc would call "assegement," and making a personal appeal to Richard Cœur de Lion, who is aiding the forces of the lawless Jaufre. And Garin, after a long probation of romantic idealism, marries the Lady Audiart. So long as Miss Johnston confines herself to incident she is interesting. But when it comes to psychological analysis, she cannot escape the conventional rut. The style may have something to do with it. Like many other delvers in a deceptive medieval soil, she is affected by the verbiage with which current opinion endows our unfortunate forefathers. Though far more respectable than the verbal debaucheries of Mr. Jeffery Farnol, it is a bastard language, and suitable nowadays only to satire and comedy.

Mr. Bone's book is a collection of short sketches, with ships and mariners for subject, reprinted from various journals. They belong to that middle type of story, which is without either conspicuous blemishes or conspicuous virtues. In a newspaper, they could be read separately with pleasure; in a book and in bulk (where our standards are almost insensibly rather different) they are apt to be a little tedious. They have not enough body about them.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Letters of Captain Englebert Lutyens." Edited by Sir LEES KNOWLES. (Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

CAPTAIN ENGLEBERT LUTYENS was Orderly Officer at Longwood, in St. Helena, from February 10th to April 15th, 1820, and in that capacity won many attentions and something approaching friendship from Napoleon. Forsyth records that Lutyens "gave so much satisfaction to the French at Longwood that, after Bonaparte's death, the Countess Bertrand sent him a piece of coral with some of Napoleon's hair." Napoleon himself frequently sent him little gifts for his dinner-parties, and it is clear that Lutyens resented the system of espionage on his prisoner which was forced upon him by Sir Hudson Lowe. On one of the last days that Napoleon was free from acute pain he spent some time in conversation with Dr. Arnott on the subject of Marlborough's achievements. A result of the conversation was that he decided to present the Twentieth Regiment (in which Arnott and Lutyens held commissions) with a copy of Cox's "Life of Marlborough." Arnott handed the books, in obedience to the standing rule, to the orderly officer, but as they happened to bear the Imperial arms, Lowe and Major Jackson, the officer commanding the

regiment, raised all sorts of barriers to their acceptance. A discreditable intrigue followed, against which Lutyens protested. It resulted in Lutyens's resignation and loss of promotion. His letters do not add anything of importance to our knowledge of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, though they help to confirm the view of those who condemn Lowe's treatment of his prisoner.

"Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen." By Sir J. A. H. MACDONALD. (Foulis. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR JOHN MACDONALD's reminiscences make a capital addition to anecdotal autobiography. He is old enough to have seen the procession of ministers who walked from the General Assembly at the Disruption in 1843, a memory of which only one other person—Dr. Bonar's daughter—can boast. In addition to ecclesiastical topics, Sir John Macdonald gossips in pleasant style about the dress and customs of the Edinburgh folk of the middle of last century. He remembers when the tailed coat was dominant, extending to soldiers' uniforms, and some of his acquaintances wore wigs and silk stockings. Lawyers and clergymen are perhaps more conservative in these details than are other people. At any rate, it is these two classes who have furnished material for Sir John Macdonald's most entertaining jottings. Of Lord Colonsay he tells that a junior counsel once informed the judge that another advocate was an excellent mimic, and even occasionally imitated his lordship. "Doss he?" was the reply; "I was not aware that there was any paycooliaritie in my pronunciation that should make me the subject of meemicrie." Mr. Fowlis has produced the book in his usual excellent style.

The Week in the City.

THE Stock Markets began the week rather cheerfully, and there was a good deal of activity in the London issue of the French War Loan at a small premium. Considering the scarcity of liquid money, the total subscription of 24 millions sterling from London is really not at all bad, though of course it does not pay for more than ten or twelve days of the cost of the war to France. The problem how the French Government will pay interest on its debt remains to be solved; and if the war lasts much beyond the end of the financial year, France will have to face a long series of appalling deficits. I see that according to one computation the French deficit would be upwards of 80 millions sterling, and the German deficit upwards of 100 millions sterling if both countries returned in 1917 to the military and civil expenditure of 1913. The "Vorwärts" points out that with the new war credit of 10,000 million marks (£500 millions sterling), the German war debt reaches 40,000 million marks (£2,000 millions sterling), which total would last until the end of next March. This alone will require £100 millions sterling interest, apart from sinking funds and apart from pensions. It is a curious but interesting fact that the "Vorwärts" looks for relief in the same direction in which Great Britain found it after the Napoleonic Wars—namely, in the abolition of the protective duties on food, &c., so that prices may be reduced, and German industries may be able to compete more successfully in neutral markets. Dr. Helfferich, in the speech of which only a summary has appeared in our newspapers, declared that by severe economy Germany had reduced the cost of the war much below British expenditure. Is there any chance of our Government following suit?

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